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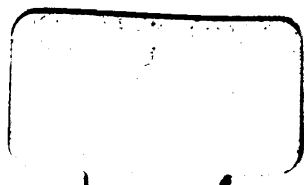
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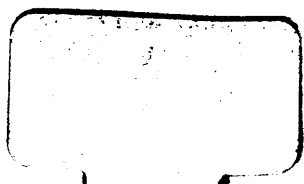
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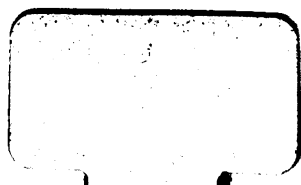
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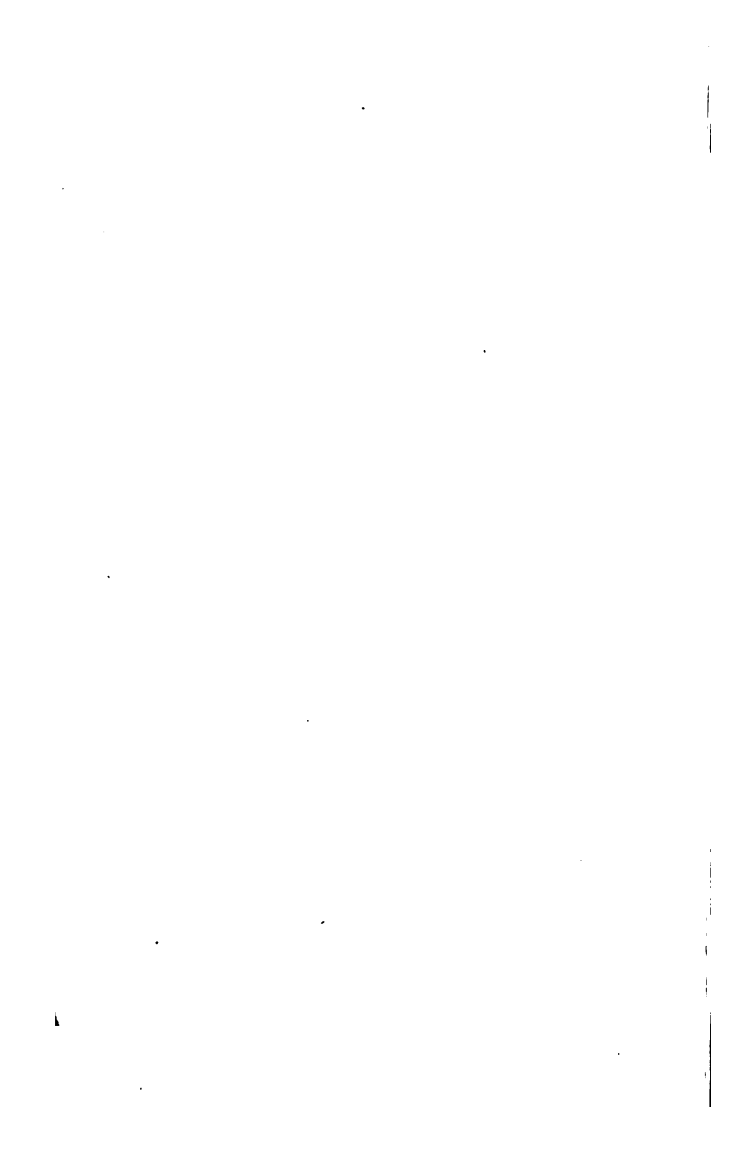
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FOOTPRINTS,

OR

POEMS,

BY AMELIA,^x

OF WESTERN NEW YORK,

WITH

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF HER LIFE.

26-

BINGHAMTON :

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of a mournful cast, and were much restricted to her own bosom, until they gradually learned to express themselves in measured numbers.

This, then, became her solace and delight. She was not lonely in solitude. It often beguiled the night watches; and, if disturbed in her sleep, she would sometimes repeat several lines, not surpassed by those of waking hours, and which were never remembered. She wrote not at first for the public eye, but for her own amusement, and to express the images that swarmed in her fertile brain; and her production is what she herself entitled it, FOOTPRINTS, or impressions of her thoughts and feelings and the scenes through which she passed. They "flowed into numbers and broke into rhyme." Whatever interested her feelings, patriotism, friends, occupation, news of the day, &c. supplied themes for her pen. A few weeks spent in a milliner's shop produced the "Song of the Bonnet;" and teaching, which was ever a congenial occupation, is often descanted upon. In later years, she viewed her ability as a means of moral influence, and cherished it as a talent committed to her charge.

In the Spring of 1835 her father removed his family to Harpersville, Broome County, N. Y. She received no encouragement from her family, and such was her self-distrust and humility, that it was many years before she offered a piece for publication—which she at last did in the Gospel Messenger. Finding her productions prized by Dr. Rudd, the Editor of the Messenger, who often commended them, she afterwards published in several of the secular papers, over the signature of Amelia, and to distinguish her poems from Mrs. Welby's, who also signed herself Amelia, she wrote Amelia of Western New-York. Her mind was eager

for knowledge ; she saw so much before her unattained that she was ever studying, and after her school days were supposed to be over, she attended the Windsor Academy to study French, and some sciences with which she wished to become acquainted.

Had she lived to complete a long poem called "The World," on which much study had been bestowed, we should have better means to appreciate the talent she possessed. As it was laid out on an extensive plan, and she did not contemplate finishing it until years of study and travel to gain new ideas, it was never committed to paper, but retained in her own memory, and is now lost to us. Her writings never yielded her any pecuniary benefit, and, for the last ten years, she was constantly teaching, or laboring for her own support ; while the sweet dreams of thought filled up every spare moment and swarmed through her slumbers. See "The Brain's Complaint."

It cannot be necessary to describe her personal appearance ; to the stranger it would be uninteresting, while her *friends* will ever remember the intelligent lustre of her dark eye, which seemed to beam with thought and christian charity.

About six years before her death she was very ill, and though she recovered she never regained her usual health ; but so gradual was her decay that her friends were scarcely anxious. Those who saw her constantly hardly noticed the alteration, while those who had been long absent were struck with the ghastly look, so different from her natural healthy countenance.

In the Fall of 1854 she visited Connecticut, hoping that the journey and change of air would benefit her health ; but, after spending a year there, she returned home *no*

better. About this time her disease began to take a decided form, and though she attempted to teach after her return, she was obliged to desist. Physicians whom she consulted could afford her no relief, and she patiently awaited the end. Still she was cheerful with the few friends that surrounded her, exerting herself as much as possible that they might not be alarmed, till she departed this life, October 23, 1856, in the unity of the Church, the love of God, and a certain hope of salvation through our Lord and blessed Saviour. Her last words were, "My Saviour, meet me," and closing her eyes, she sweetly fell asleep.

Her funeral was attended at the Church in Harpersville, by the Rev. Noble Palmer, her highly esteemed Pastor and friend.

I cannot close this memoir more appropriately than by some lines from her brother, in Iowa, on her death, addressed to the surviving family :

Say not that "she is dead"—she sleeps,
And will not wake to earth again ;
But, in another sphere, she keeps
Unceasing vigils, free from pain.

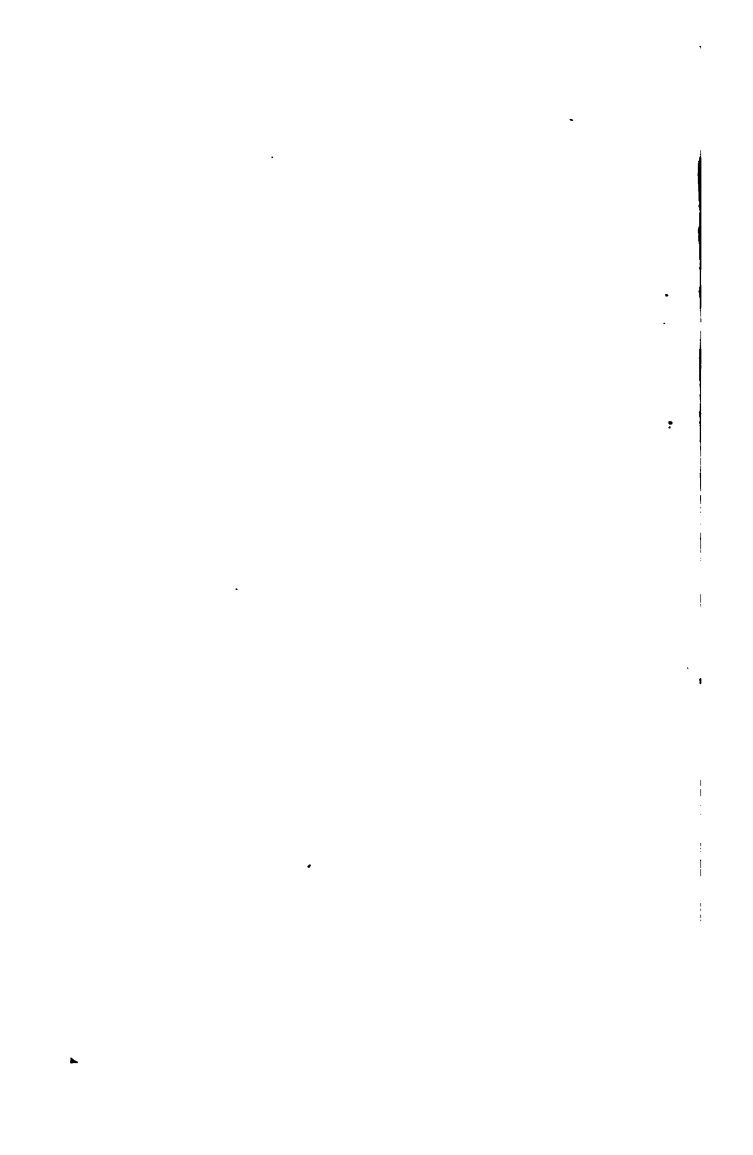
Say not that "she is lost and gone,"
I feel her more than ever near ;
The loved, the gifted, sainted one,
Hovers around my pathway here.

Say not that "all is dark"—a light,
Beyond the sun's meridian ray,
Makes all her future pathway bright,
And yields her an eternal day.

Say not "her voice and harp are mute,"
I seem to hear their accents rise,
In unison with angels' lute,
Chanting the chorals of the skies.

"My Saviour, meet me,"—thus she prayed,
And heaven's portals opened wide,
Her soul on Jesus' breast was stayed,
And borne across the chilling tide.

And when our pilgrimage is o'er,
And earthly cares and trials cease,
She'll meet us on that heavenly shore,
And welcome us to perfect peace.



FOOTPRINTS.

INTRODUCTION.

My friends—for friends these pages are designed,
And mine, though few, have shown themselves most kind ;
The casual efforts of an untaught muse
I here present—invite you to peruse.

Had fortune smiled propitious o'er my ways ;
Had learning shed her light upon my lays,
I had not asked of partial friendship's hand
That prompt attention which I might command.

First, though unconscious of an innate power,
I rhymed to pass away an idle hour ;
I knew no rules, but those which Nature taught,
Nor gave the future one ambitious thought.

But soon new worlds were opened to my view,
The fields of fancy ever fair and new ;
Borne on the Muse's wing, I seemed to rise,
And held sweet conference with the etherial skies.

There what I saw I may not all repeat—
Forever sacred be the Muse's seat ;
Some glimpses of an unknown world are there,
And many thoughts we may hereafter share.

Judge me not, then, by the strict rules of art,
They may improve the *head* but not the *heart* ;
And should these pages meet attention due,
I may produce things yet more worthy you !

RIVERSIDE.

Awake, my Muse, awake the song !
A lovelier scene ne'er met thine eye—
Awake, for thou hast slumbered long,
And time is speeding swiftly by !

Soon, ah ! soon, thou'lt be no more—
Another voice shall sing its praise ;
And stranger feet shall tread the shore
Where now my airy vision strays.

Where peaceful waters gently flow,
Far—far from ocean's troubled breast—
The Susquehanna, winding slow,
'Mid banks with vernal beauty drest.

Fair, happy stream ! thou know'st no change,
Though wintry storms may swell thy tide,
Or summer suns around thee range,
Still onward thou shalt ever glide.

Not so, frail man—oh, let me, then,
On thy soft waves inscribe my name,
With Nature's adamantine pen,
And thou shalt bear my deathless fame !

Shall bear my fame? Thou heedest not
The stately trees that grace thy side ;
The lofty tower, the lowly cot,
Are shunned by thy unconscious tide !

I may upon thy surface gaze,
Or rove beyond the boundless sea ;
Thou car'st not for my idle lays,
Thou hast no sympathy with me !

Then, *fare thee well*—I'll visit, now,
The walks where I so love to stray ;
But first, upon this hillock's brow,
The various prospect I'll survey.

Where are ye now vain cares of earth ?
I seem to reach a higher sphere ;
And toil, and grief, and senseless mirth,
Are lost in sweet oblivion here !

Still those bright waters near me roll,
And, like some stream in fairy land.
They add enchantment to the whole,
And seem to wash their golden sand.

Extending still that graceful line,
Through wood and cultivated ground,
The distant waters gaily shine,
And sparkle as their waves rebound.

Beyond are fields of waving grain,
And pastures with their rustic wealth ;

The orchard, grove, and grassy plain,
All speak of happiness and health.

Now turn we to the village site,
Half hid by intervening ground ;
Its spire, like Israel's beacon light,
Points to that land where peace is found.

A villa there—a rural seat—
While interspers'd are farm and dome ;
The open glade, and wild retreat,
Where Solitude delights to roam.

Ah, Riverside ! what charms are thine !
Though Autumn come, with sad decay,
Thou shalt again in beauty shine,
All clad in Nature's rich array.

Sweet emblem of the Christian's hope,
I turn on thee a brighter view ;
Like verdure on thy downy slope,
So may we rise to live anew.



ON HEARING THE NAME OF MOTHER.

What sound is that ?—what accent sweet
That fell upon my ear ?
It touched a chord in life's deep seat,
And brought an answering tear !

Be still my heart—why would'st thou melt ?

'Tis not in tears to tell

The hidden grief that long hath dwelt,

Within the spirit's cell.

Oh, mother ! sacred name alone

Of every earthly tie,

What secret hand hath fixed thy throne

Where mortals cannot pry ?

When young, if but my mother smiled,

'Twas joy and peace to me ;

How oft her words my tears beguiled,

Her eye bade trouble flee.

Oh, happy days ! oh, golden hours !

Too soon ye passed away ;

Faded are all life's sweetest flowers,

Its joys to death a prey.

Yet still that name, as if replete

With harmony divine,

In pleasing accents, sadly sweet,

Falls on this ear of mine.

And still, methinks, from yonder sky,

My mother looks on me ;

When fleecy clouds are fitting by

Her form I seem to see :

And then my spirit seems to rise,

And longs to quit earth's thrall,

To join her in the distant skies,

Where *God is all in all*.

THE GARLAND.

Come weave me a garland, thou Muse of my heart,
Come weave me a garland, ere with thee I part,
Come weave me a garland, together entwine
The hopes of my childhood, the hopes that were thine.

The hopes of my childhood, oh, brighter than earth !
Or aught it can boast of its music and mirth ;
The hopes of my childhood—those moments of bliss
That memory enshrines with a mother's fond kiss !

The hopes of my childhood, they're passing away,
And time, swiftly fleeting, but marks their decay ;
Oh, where shall I seek you, ye visions divine,
That glowed with delight in this bosom of mine ?

Ye cannot have left me, for softly I hear
The sweet sound of music now swell on my ear ;
And gentle as dew that descends from above,
A voice now bespeaks me in accents of love :

" The hopes of thy childhood, preserved by my care,
" They long shall remain in thy pleasures to share ;
" But brighter, far brighter, the wreath I will twine ;
" A place in my temple forever is thine.

" There visions of glory, and treasures untold,
" Some glimpses of Heaven my altars unfold ;

" There, fair and unclouded, to thee I'll appear,
" And weave thee a garland to place on thy bier."

Still, hopes of my childhood, I deemed ye were true,
And scarcely fond fancy can bid you adieu ;
Ye are gone like a dream, like a vision that's past,
But not, like a dream, your *remembrance* shall last.

Enshrined in this heart, with the love of the muse,
One tear to your memory I ne'er will refuse ;
And while she doth bless me, by lending her aid,
The hopes of my childhood they never shall fade !

FANCY'S WANDERINGS.

I've skimmed o'er the deep, and I've roved o'er the main ;
I've sought the sweet fields of my childhood again ;
I've wander'd, a stranger, in regions forlorn—
In ages long past, in ages unborn !

I've been in the battle, in shipwreck, in storm ;
I've fought with the brave, when the conflict was warm ;
I've listen'd, with rapture, to sages of old,
And seen the bright visions of beauty untold.

The scenes of the past are engraved on my mind,
And with them the bright coming future is twined ;
The thoughts of to-day, like to fancy's fond dream,
Are flitting away with the morning's gay beam.

Oh, say not the past can never return,
And say not the future we ne'er can discern ;
The past and the future are present to me ;
The present, alone, seems a wonder to be.

On the swift wings of fancy delighted I roam,
Till Greece is my country, and Athens my home :
There fain would I tarry ; but England recalls
My spirit, well pleased, to revisit her halls.

The countries of Europe, though pleasant to view,
They cannot detain me, I bid them adieu :
I sail with Columbus through danger and toil,
And seek the fair fields of my own native soil.

Oh, bright are thy prospects thou land of my birth,
And bright is thy destiny, fairest of earth ;
For thine is the Empire that westward doth roll,
The empire of genius, the empire of soul !

Thus I dwell in the future, I rove in the past ;
But morn, with its duties, awakes me at last,
And conscience doth whisper, "*Be wise for to-day*"—
The fond dreams of fancy have vanished away.

MY TRAVELS.

I never scaled the Andes' peak,
Clothed with perpetual snow ;
Nor did I e'er its wonders seek
In caves and dens below.

I never trod Siberia's wild,
Or Afric's burning sand ;
My wandering fancy never smiled
To see our Father-Land.

I ne'er have heard Niagara's roar,
Or view'd the Southern Sea ;
The beauties of our lake-bound shore
Are novel scenes to me.

The terrors of the mighty deep
Have ne'er disturbed my brain,
Since I was never rock'd to sleep,
Toss'd on the foaming main.

And yet I've travel'd far and near
O'er many a weary mile,
The same unvaried tale to hear,
All in a lowly style.

I've travel'd North, I've travel'd South,
I've travel'd East and West,
And be it rain or be it drought,
I've little time to rest.

For in the long, warm Summer days
My journey I begin,
And many hundred miles I walk
Ere Winter closes in.

I pass no streams, no hills of green,
No breezes round me steal ;
Day after day I step along
Beside my spinning-wheel !

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

The scene it was dreary, and dark was the day,
And slowly and sadly 'twas passing away ;
It seemed as if friendship no charm could impart,
No vision of peace to the desolate heart !

I mused of the past, and the future was there ;
The present, now shaded with sorrow and care ;
Just then a half whisper attracted my ear,
“ And where are those friends that you once held so dear ? ”

“ Away ! and begone, thou bold prophet of ill !
“ My friends they are near me, around me at will ;
“ Think'st thou that I could not at pleasure recall
“ Each form that I love to my desolate hall ? ”

A mild flitting shadow obscured the soft light,
A sister beloved soon appeared to my sight ;
“ I am come, dearest sister,” so gentle her tone,
“ They told me, my sister, that thou wert alone.”

I turned to reply, and a brother was near,
And voices did whisper, “ Why mournest thou here ?
“ Thy friends are around thee, the favorite few,
“ And all that thou prizest are faithful and true.”

If such is my fortune why should I repine ?
While hope whispers fondly, the future is thine ;
Though clouds may obscure the fair light of to-day,
The sun of to-morrow shall chase them away !

HIGH DREAMS OF HOPE.

Hope, thou hast so oft deceived me,
With thy false and fickle show ;
Of so much good thou hast bereaved me,
Fain would I thy joys forego !

In some fickle, dear delusion,
All my childish years have sped ;
With some false, yet fair effusion,
Hope has still me captive led.

I dreamed of love, and light excelling,
All that mortals ever knew ;
I dreamed of friendship ever dwelling
With the faithful and the true.

I dreamed of beauty, wealth and pleasure,
All my path was strewed with flowers ;
And fancy's never-failing treasure
Wiled away the silent hours.

But, alas ! these dreams are faded,
Soon, too soon, they've passed away ;
The Summer path of life is shaded
By my early hope's decay.

One more anxious, ardent feeling,
Heavenly Hope, I trust to thee ;
Let not Time, still onward stealing,
Steal my hope of Heaven from me !

FRIENDSHIP.

Is there in friendship that can forget
Ties that deep in the heart are set?
How love we the friend, when wealth and fame
Are clustering around that cherished name?
When honor, wealth and beauty sues,
What heart the tribute can refuse?

But when the brow is marked with care,
Or pale disease is lurking there;
The weary eye is weak and dim;
The sunken cheek is pale and thin;
In that dark hour of grief and pain
Will friendship then the soul sustain?

When fickle fortune hath deceived,
And left the wretched quite bereaved;
When poverty, with stealthy pace,
Leads in her train want and disgrace,
Oh, who will comfort then extend?
Or where is *then* the faithful friend?

When *Evil Fame*, that speaks aloud,
Is spread among the giddy crowd;
Or when the Slanderer's busy tongue
Her martyr'd victim's heart hath wrung,
Oh, where is friendship? Hath she power
To stem the torrent in that hour?

Unmov'd alike by grief and care,
By poverty and dark despair,
And, more than all, by public shame,
Threat'ning to brand her own good name,
Dare she assert the sufferer's cause,
And save him from destruction's jaws ?

Alas, weak man ! 'tis friendship's part
To bind and heal the broken heart !
But, in the hour of greatest need,
How few will find a friend indeed ;
For fashion's laws, and careless mirth,
Would banish friendship from the earth !

SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND HIS
RIGHTEOUSNESS.—MATT. 6:33.

Oh, seek not earth's alluring toys !
For quickly pass its fleeting joys ;
Seek not ambition's stately form,
The envy of a fellow-worm ;
Seek not wealth, or hoards of gold,
'Twill profit naught, thy sums untold ;
Seek not in costly robes to shine,
The gaudy tulip rivals thine ;
Seek not the sumptuous fare of earth,
The wine, the dance, and noisy mirth ;
Seek not the couch of downy ease,
Seek, oh, seek for none of these !

But seek the joys of Heaven refined,
The lasting pleasures of the mind ;
Seek the ambition of the skies,
God's glory, and thy highest prize ;
Seek the treasure stored above
For those who prize the Saviour's love ;
Seek the robe of righteousness,
His spotless garment to possess ;
Seek the Bread of Life to eat,
With psalms and hymns—an off'ring meet ;
Seek the shore of heavenly rest—
Seek these, and be forever blest !

**BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN, FOR THEY
SHALL BE COMFORTED.—MATT. 5:4.**

Mourner, sad and broken-hearted,
Bending o'er thy lifeless clay,
Weeping for the dear departed,
Turn thy face from earth away.

Hear the Man of many sorrows,
Hear the Comforter of Nain ;
He who died, from sin to save you,
Bids you not to weep in vain !

Come and cast your care upon him,
Trusting in his holy love ;
For he waiteth to be gracious,
Calling daily from above :—

"Come to me, ye poor forsaken,
"Come, and I will give you rest;
"Comfort shall attend the mourner—
"These are those my God hath blest!"

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK, FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH.—MATT. 5:5.

And now we call the Proud happy.—Malachi, 3:15.

Can he be happy whose proud heart
Hath never brooked control?
Who never bowed the suppliant knee,
Or prayed to save his soul?

Whose lawless passions, unconfined,
Regard not friend or foe?
Who never shared another's pain
Or soothed another's wo?

Who stands alone, a monument,
Encased in brittle clay,
To bear the wintry storms of time,
Then, humbled, pass away?

No! rather blessed are the meek,
The humble sons of earth,
Who ne'er forget their origin,
Or *Him* who gave them birth!

Who see, in every child of want,
A brother and a friend;

Go, and the Saviour be thy guide—
I ask not aught for thee beside ;
Thou know'st that I will think of thee,
And, in thy prayers, *remember me.*

WHERE ARE THEY ?

Oh, where are they ? Oh, where are they ?
The friends that blessed my early years ?
Be still my heart, thou need'st not say,
Then why these starting tears ?

Where is my mother's gentle voice ?
Lost in the silent grave ;
And her who bade us all rejoice
No human skill could save.

Where are my brothers ? Far away,
One seeks a stranger's home ;
The other, long he may not stay
Ere he is called to roam.

Where are my sisters ? Some remain
Around our father's hearth ;
But we may never meet again
As we *have* met on earth.

Then let us raise our thoughts above,
That in the last great day
We all may share a Saviour's love,
Nor whisper, "*Where are they ?*"

ON PARTING.

There's not a pleasure earth can yield
But passes quick away ;
Like fading flow'rets of the field
Our blooming hopes decay.

E'en sacred friendship's closest ties
Must be dissever'd wide—
The friends we prize, so dearly prize,
Are parted from our side.

Our tears may fall, our prayers ascend,
For loved ones far away,
And hopes and fears together blend
Their influence, while we pray.

But when the grave has seized the prize,
We bow and kiss the rod ;
Our hopes are in the distant skies
Our fears are with our God.

Yet oft fond memory will recall,
With pleasure to the mind,
The friends whose goodness, kindness, all
Around our hearts are twined.

LONELINESS.

The night was drear—as yet the Spring
Touched not the earth with rosy wing ;
The winter's wreath lay on the plain,
And thickly fell the early rain.
Sequestered in the quiet glen,
Far from the busy haunts of men,
I sadly mused upon the past,
The friends, the joys, that could not last ;
While my frail bark seemed doomed to be
Alone upon life's treacherous sea.

A female form, with sombre air,
Twining the cypress in her hair,
Approaching slow, with silent tread,
Inspired my anxious mind with dread.
Nearer and nearer as she drew,
Each object wore a mournful hue ;
Dark gloom did in her presence wait,
And all around was desolate.

As when, in sleep, the weary sense,
Deluded by some vain pretense,
Bewildered seeks, but seeks in vain,
Its wonted firmness to regain—
So, lost to reason's better power,
I passed away a troubled hour ;
Dark boding fancies o'er me stole,
Wild thoughts, without control ;

The present, past, and future still,
Seemed fraught with some unfathom'd ill ;
Perplexed, bewildered, and amazed,
I still upon the spectre gazed.

Reason, at last, resumed her place,
I looked the phantom in the face ;
Inquired her pleasure and address.
She answered, " I am Loneliness,
" A genius whose extensive sway
" Many admire and most obey ;
" Nor think me bold, nor deem me rude,
" Thus in your presence to intrude.
" I visit the prince in lordly tower,
" The lady in her silent bower ;
" The high, the low, the rich, the poor,
" Full oft admit me to their door ;
" And though the gay my presence shun
" I'm scarce unknown to any one ;
" Since days are dark, and friends are few,
" My friendship now I offer you !"

Displeased at her familiar air,
I thus addressed the pensive fair :
" Though days are dark I still have friends,
" Such as dame fortune never sends—
" These are my refuge in distress,
" And these my happy hours shall bless ;
" Though absent, still the upright mind
" Pleasure in solitude can find.
" Go visit those who fear thy power
" And seek no more my rustic bower."

I seized a book, retrim'd the light,
The spectre vanished from my sight.

THE WHISPERING HOUR.

It is the hour, the whispering hour,
When hearts are soft, and feel the power
Of sweet affection's gentle sway ;
Now friendship leads a double life,
While tedious care and barbarous strife
Are banished far away.

Now with some friend I'd love to roam
A little from my peaceful home,
And, by the gentle flowing stream,
In interchange of tender thought
Enjoy the bliss which kings have sought
Beneath the twilight's hallowed beam !

If, solitary, at this hour,
I seek the cool refreshing bower,
Some kindly spirit whispers near,
While distant scenes before me rise,
The friends I love, the friends I prize,
My loneliness they seem to cheer.

'Tis sweet, 'tis heavenly, at this hour,
To think of one unbounded Power—
A Power Supreme, who loves us all,
Who hears our prayers, who guides our feet ;
Before whose throne we all shall meet,
And whom *Our Father* we may call !

AFFECTION.

There is a gem—a priceless gem—
That beams in life's sad, chequered path ;
Without its aid we scarce could stem
The world's proud scorn or sullen wrath.

There is a flower—a matchless flower—
That grows within the shady lea ;
To charm the heart it hath the power,
From doubt and fear to set it free.

There is a light—a cheering light—
Upon the lone and darksome waste ;
Oh, who that knows its Heavenly might
Would not this pure affection taste !

All hail, affection ! sweetest power !
That binds the heart of man to man ;
That cheers us in the needful hour
And lives anew life's little span.

All hail, affection ! *Love Divine !*
That drew a God from Heaven to earth ;
And, by the same Celestial sign,
Gave promise of Immortal birth.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

The harp of David, Israel's pride,
Had long its thrilling notes denied,
Though captive Zion, now restored,
Again her own loved Lord ador'd ;
Yet sad and plaintive was the tone
That broke from Judah's tottering throne ;
Her ancient glory had decayed
And still her promised Prince delayed—
But, hark ! ye swains, what notes are these
Now borne upon the Eastern breeze ?
Not Judah's harp, that could control
The monarch of the troubled soul ;
Not Zion's Court, or Israel's King,
Did e'er such rapturous numbers bring—
Not earth, but Heaven, awakes the choir ;
Not man, but angels, tune the lyre.
" He comes ! he comes ! the Prince of Peace !
" Your glad hosannas never cease !
" Wake, man, and hail thy Saviour's birth—
" Glory to God, and peace on earth !
" He comes ! adorned with matchless skill—
" Glory to God—to man good will !
" He comes, with healing in his wings—
" Zion, behold thy King of Kings !"

FAREWELL OF THE OLD YEAR.

"Adieu, adieu," said the good old year,
As he left the world with sorrow,
"I've shed o'er you full many a tear,
"I shall be no more to-morrow.

"Adieu—I wot that the gay and young
"Will be glad at my departing ;
"And when my funeral knell is rung
"To the dance they will be starting !"

"You are right, old man," said the gay young year,
"So, now, no more of your preaching ;
"We know very well where to find good cheer
"Without your old-fashioned teaching.

"I come with a thousand pleasing charms,
"The hopes of the young are bright'ning ;
"When you are gone, with your false alarms,
"We'll dance o'er the earth like lightning !"

"Beware, rash youth !" said the dying year,
As he sank on his snowy pillow ;
His breath grew short, and the icy tear
Hung o'er his native billow.

"Beware ! for my hopes were bright as thine—
"As fair was my early morning ;

" I fall by the hand of father Time—

" By my misspent hours take warning !"

He spake, and the good old year was gone !

As his last sad knell was tolling,

The wise made a pause—but the world went on,

With Time to Eternity rolling.

WINTER.

Winter, parent of the year,

Welcome with thy merry cheer ;

Welcome with thy wreaths of snow,

Hail and rain, and winds that blow ;

Biting frost, and all thy train,

Welcome to our world again.

Oh, the joy that winter brings !

When his robe of light he flings,

And we skim along the plain

To the gay and merry strain

Of the lively sounding bells,

Ringling over rocks and dells.

All the neighboring streams secure,

Fear we not our footing sure ?

On the glassy lake we glide,

Far above its smother'd tide,

Whilst its brightest jewels gleam,

Glittering in the sunny beam ;

Or the silvery crested snow

Back reflects mild Cynthia's glow !

Tired of this vig'rous sport,

To the cottage hearth resort ;
There both light and heat combine
In the oak and pitchy pine.
Seated in a circle gay,
Let the rustic mirth have way !
Now a tale of other years
Speaks our former hopes and fears ;
Or a legend, or a song,
Does the wintry eve prolong.
Soon the Autumn's luscious hoard
Smiles upon the festive board ;
Such delights as would ensure
Pleasure to an epicure ;
Nuts and apples, cake and wine,
In our rural feast combine.
Swiftly as the moments fly,
Scarce we heed them flitting by ;
Though the clock, with merry chime,
Oft proclaims the flight of time,
Occupied in various sport,
Heed we not its mild report,
'Till the voice of chanticleer
Speaks the midnight hour is near.
Sing we, then, a song of praise
To the Author of our days ;
Worship Him who gave us breath,
Who redeemed our souls from death ;
Who preserves us safely here,
Happy in another year.

COURTESY.

There is a nymph of gentle mien,
In modern times more seldom seen ;
In days of chivalry, they say,
She exercised a regal sway.
Then, knights of high and low degree
In her bright presence bow'd the knee,
And beauty, love, and even grace,
Caught lustre from her soft embrace.
She dwelt sometime in lordly hall,
And princes oft obeyed her call ;
And yet she never scorn'd to dwell
In lowly cot, or humble cell.
Her presence caused fierce strife to cease,
Producing order, love and peace ;
And, where she held her modest court,
True worth might freely there resort.
This gentle nymph, I greatly fear,
Hath deemed us rude, or insincere,
And sought, in these enlightened times,
A refuge in more genial climes ;
For whereso'er her footsteps fall
A due respect is shown to all :
And she disdains that fickle art
Which tramples on a human heart.
But where is now that kind regard
Which e'en a stranger often shared ?
Where is the greeting, warm and true,

Which Summer friendship never knew ?
Where are the manners, soft and bland,
Which spread a charm o'er heathen land ?
Where is the generous mind sincere,
That knows no guile, no slavish fear ?
Where is the meek and lowly soul
That's guided by the golden rule ?
And where, sweet Courtesy, art thou ?
Come, dwell with us, yea, even now ;
We'll own thy power, we'll bless thy sway,
We'll love thee more from day to day !

AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.

Come, dwell with me by the river side,
Come roam with me by the mountain's pride ;
Withdraw thy foot from the path of fame,
Nor seek to win thee an empty name.

Come, dwell with me in the cooling shade,
Come roam with me in the sunny glade ;
Haste thee away from the busy town,
Nor pride thyself on its vain renown.

Come, while the grass is green on the plain,
With the Summer's dew and the early rain ;
Come, ere the Frost-King's relentless hand
Has breathed a blight o'er our happy land.

Come, while the earth its abundance yields,
And Plenty's horn is strew'd o'er the fields ;

Come, taste the fruit of the country fair,
And breathe awhile of its fragrant air !

MY SCHOOL.

Let others twine the mystic line
In praise of war and glory ;
Let Hazel Dell its wonders tell,
In scenes of peaceful story.

Some wake the song strife to prolong,
And some in praise of beauty ;
Some seek for fame to win a name,
But *few* remember duty.

Oh ! be it mine one wreath to twine,
One wreath of flowers unfading ;
May learning guide, by wisdom tried,
While love the cause is aiding !

My little band before me stand,
Their features glow with pleasure,
While I unfold things new and old,
The mind's unpurchased treasure.

And as I trace, in each fair face,
The new-born thought awaking,
So like it seems to fancy's dreams,
It seems my own creating.

Then be it mine one wreath to twine,
One wreath of flowers unfading,

May learning guide, by wisdom tried,
While love the cause is aiding !

TO MRS. E***** S*****.

A stranger, in a stranger land,
I came to thee, my friend,
And thou, as with a sister's care,
Didst to my wants attend.

I knew not, till I sought thy home,
That thou wert kind and true ;
And dreamt not but with careless air
I should have said " Adieu !"

A few short months have quickly sped,
And I must soon away ;
But grateful memory of the past
Shall ever with thee stay.

And when through other scenes I rove,
Far, far away from thee ;
'Twill add new pleasure to my heart
To know thou think'st of me.

MY LITTLE ONES.

Though mine is not a parent's pride,
Methinks 'tis something more,
Oft as I see my little ones
Flock 'round the school-house door.

They come, they come! a happy band!
Adorn'd with native grace;
And who so well as I can read
The features of each face.

One has a mass of sunny hair,
A sparkling, roguish eye,
Whose very glance, if read aright,
All sorrow would defy.

Another is of changeful mood,
Her tears, like April showers,
The Summer's sun will soon disperse,
Like dew upon the flowers.

And one with orbs of gentle blue,
And modest, sober air,
Craves, though she scarcely dares to claim,
A teacher's tend'rest care.

But see, those bright black, eyes are rais'd,
With sweet confiding look;

I'd rather read that sunny face
Than many a prosy book.

There's one I scarcely can describe,
Though of that infant band,
Whose tender years and innocence
A double care demand.

And there are locks of every hue—
White, black, and modest brown—
And sunny cheeks, and laughing eyes,
Are beaming all around.

Nor these alone—it is the mind,
Unfolding every hour,
That kindles beauty into life,
And gives the looks such power.

But it is vain—my poet art
Cannot describe the scene ;
But let affection rule each heart,
I'm happy as a queen.

THE POETRY OF TEACHING.

There's poetry in every thing,
I've heard the people say ;
I wonder where's the poetry
Of teaching every day !

I get up in the morning,
And go to school at nine,

With scarce an opportunity
To perpetrate a rhyme.

I do a sum in fractions,
Without the aid of verse ;
And sometimes think it prosy
When little ones rehearse.

There's much of repetition,
And much of vigorous thought,
But very little poetry
In teaching as we ought.

For if a thought poetic
Should creep into my brain,
Some crazy-headed urchin
Would drive it out again.

And if my thoughts should wander
Unto the muse's bower,
Mistake and misconstruction
Would rule the coming hour.

TO THE MUSE.

No more in visionary dreaming
I spend my time as once of yore ;
To me it is but idle seeming
To let the minion, fancy, soar.

For, now, "stern duty" bids me hasten
Far from scenes I've loved too well ;

And I cannot, dare not, listen
To the syren's witching spell.

Fair verse, with all thy sweet enchantment !
Fain would I have thee dwell with me ;
It seemeth like some strange commandment
That bids my soul to banish thee.

But yonder group of sportive children
Demand my time and talents too ;
And care is come, a guest unbidden,
To separate my soul from you.

Farewell, sweet verse, perchance to-morrow,
When sinks the sun in western skies,
We'll meet, and not a cloud of sorrow
Shall dim the thoughts I dearly prize.

ADDRESS AT THE CLOSE OF THE WINTER TERM OF
WINDSOR ACADEMY.

My worthy friends, for friends I deem you all,
Who honor us of Windsor's classic hall,
Ye come, no doubt, expecting here to find
Some great improvement in the "march of mind ;"
See yon tall pine, its shoots extending high,
Its lofty top aspiring to the sky ;
Long *years* it grew, and though 'tis risen far,
It cannot reach the least ethereal star :
Slow is *our* growth, our growth in knowledge slow,
Nor is it ours to boast of what we know ;

But, since permitted here to take our stand,
Among the favored of our favor'd land ;
And since fair science, with her prosperous gales,
Hath hither borne our inexperienced sails ;
We come, rejoicing in her gentle light,
Although regret hath filled our hearts to-night ;
For now we part, perchance to meet no more—
The bond is severed and the spell is o'er.
Far other scenes may wake our future years,
Far other partings claim our falling tears,
And other friends—but memory's sweet power
Shall often linger 'round this cherish'd hour !
Oh, could I snatch from the dark tide of time
One single wreath of pure unsullied rhyme,
I'd weave a garland of unfading flowers,
A bright memento of our passing hours !
The wish is vain—few are our footprints here,
The heirs expectant of a higher sphere ;
Few are the lines our art or skill can trace,
That busy time will not as soon efface ;
Like waymarks traced upon a sandy shore,
The surges rise, and they are seen no more.
Friends and companions, we must say farewell,
But these are thoughts on which I dare not dwell :
The future, full of promise as it seems,
Hath not to cheer us like our school-day dreams.
Beloved Instructors, whose untiring care
It long hath been my happy lot to share,
Cold were this heart, and to itself untrue,
Could it forget aught that it owes to you :
Thanks are too poor—may He who rules above
— Reward your labor, and your work of love !

TO THE FIRST STAR OF EVENING.

Emblem of beauty and of light,
Thou shinest gayly forth to-night ;
I saw the sun, in power and pride,
Behind the hills his lustre hide ;
And I have watched the glowing west,
The clouds in golden tissue drest ;
Beheld their glorious tints decay,
Till one by one they died away.
But thou, methinks, a milder sphere,
Wert born to light our pathway here :
Thy gentle influence seems to tell
Of all I " know and love so well !"
Do stars control ? Thou ledest me
To thoughts of bliss and ecstasy !
Thou speakest of a Power Divine,
His handiwork in thee doth shine ;
And who can tell, if angels blest
Within thy hallow'd precincts rest—
Perchance those messengers of love
So often sent from Heaven above !

THE SUN.

'Twas a pleasant day when June was done,
Up from his bed rose our friend, the Sun ;
And he stalked along with a careless air,
Casting his beams around everywhere.

A cottage stood, with an open door,
The Sun looked in on the oaken floor ;
And he bade the peasant man beware,
For Sol, with his burning heat, was there.

The lordly hall and the curtain'd dome
Could neither say, " I am not at home !"
Full well they knew, by the sultry air,
That Sol, with his piercing rays, was there.

And on he went through the open glade,
He sought the farm-house through the shade ;
And I scarce can tell, with a sober air,
The many tricks he served them there.

He went to the butt'ry, all unbid,
For he knew where the eatables were hid ;
The pride of the dairy soon was low,
The Sun had dined in a way not slow.

He went to the field on the self-same day,
He made a lot of the choicest hay ;

He took a look at the ripening grain,
The farmer's heart was glad again.

On went the Sun o'er the sandy soil,
And he threaten'd he would have a broil ;
But finding none to oppose his will,
He grew more calm and milder still.

But onward, *onward* went the Sun,
Till all of the busy day was done,
When he seemed to retire without regret,
And man rejoiced that his orb was set.

THE POETRY OF DREAMS.

There is a charm, a secret charm,
In sleep's mysterious thought ;
The veil upon our senses thrown
Perchance that charm hath wrought.

Dead to the world, and yet alive
To fancy's pleasing spell, ;
The wandering of the unconscious mind
What mortal tongue can tell !

Now with the absent and the lost
We hold communion sweet ;
Or, on some roving billow toss'd,
We part, no more to meet.

Now, all alone, we seem to go
A long and weary way ;

D

Where mortal ne'er before hath trod
Our wandering footsteps stray :

Or else, perhaps, 'mid stranger homes,
We grope about in fear ;
No cheerful light to guide us on—
No friendly voice is near !

The scene is changed, and once again,
As in the days of yore,
We dwell with those we dearly love,
And taste forbidden lore.

Again around the social hearth
In harmony we sit,
While hand to hand, and heart to heart,
Is yet more closely knit !

But as the fairest things of earth
Fleeting and transient seem,
The soul awakes from happiness,
To find it but a dream !

TIME AND CHANGE.

Time, with wings, is swiftly fleeing,
Seize, O, seize the present hour !
Change is human hopes defeating,
Bind them, ye who have the power !

Years are waxing, years are waning,
Seasons come and pass away ;

Empty pride of man restraining,
As they point to his decay.

Ye, in life's unclouded morning,
Basking in youth's sunny rays,
Listen to their solemn warning,
And improve your early days.

While our hearts are filled with gladness,
Let us in true glory shine ;
Laying up for days of sadness
Wisdom, like a golden mine.

Time is fleeting ; but how changing
Are the busy scenes of earth ;
While our plans we are arranging,
Falls the fabric gave them birth.

Mortal, in this world engaging,
Whatso'er thy handy work,
Quickly be thy warfare waging,
Death and change around thee lurk.

Christian, watching, hoping, praying,
For a change more glorious still,
Time shall not be long delaying—
Stay thee on Jehovah's will.

WORLDLINESS.

Oh, tell me not that the *world* is cold,
That it bows alone to the power of gold !
I've seen too much of its fickle art,
I've proved too well that it hath no heart !

But dwells there faith in the *Christian* breast ?
Weeps man for his brother's woes distress ?
Does the tear of pity never flow
Unmixt with interest here below ?

Is friendship, then, but a worthless name ?
Pure Christian love an unhallow'd flame ?
And man, with his powers of matchless worth,
The veriest reptile on this earth ?

No ! by our homes to memory dear ;
By the friends we love and cherish here ;
By the many bitter tears we shed,
While bending o'er the unconscious dead ;

By our sorrows past, our hopes of bliss
Beyond a fleeting world like this ;
Say not that the heart of man is seared—
That nought but its *own* is loved or feared.

But there are some, of ungentle mould,
Who cringe to fame and who worship gold ;

Whose souls, contracted, can never own
Brother or friend to the world unknown.

Then why should the world our thoughts engage ?
There are purer joys on life's dark stage ;
And a brighter bliss in the life to come,
When Christ shall welcome his ransom'd home !

THE WANDERER.

Cast in a world of strangers,
And ever doomed to roam,
We think no earthly blessing
Can be compared with home !

The heart will sigh for friendship,
Will mourn for soft repose,
With all those keen emotions
That feeling only knows.

Though when the balm of kindness
Is o'er the spirit thrown,
It sheds a pleasing sadness—
We are not left alone.

Yet, place of home and kindred
Can nothing else supply ;
And often, in our gladness,
We check the rising sigh:

We check the fond remembrance
Of other happy days,
And hope, long disappointed,
Upon the spirit preys.

Oh ! say not that the wanderer
Hath ever a happy lot ;
For oftentimes he envies
The peasant's lowly cot ;

And often, when their loved ones
Draw round the social hearth,
He feels himself an outcast
Among the *sons of earth* !

WE MET—TO A FRIEND.

'Twas on a sunny Summer's day,
In careless mood we met ;
We parted not with fond delay,
Nor lingered with regret.

We met, where Christians love to meet,
The house of praise and prayer ;
Full oft it drew our weary feet
To take sweet counsel there.

We met, around the social hearth,
In festive hours of glee ;
The voice of love, the voice of mirth,
It was sincere and free.

We met on sorrow's evil day,
When grief had rent thy heart ;
And then with thee I fain would stay,
Some comfort to impart !

We met full oft at eventide,
When length'ning shadows grow ;
Full oft we lingered, side by side,
Our parting steps were slow.

We met—but years have had their birth—
Our fondest hopes are riven—
Then, if we meet no more on earth,
Oh, may we meet in Heaven !

TO MRS. L. N.

Shall I touch the harp for thee, my friend ?
Shall I wake the tuneful verse ?
Dost thou bid me write, in the fading light ?
At evening time rehearse ?

Think'st thou, as our outward visions fade,
The soul is more fair and bright ?
Dost thou know the power of the twilight hour,
The stars, and the pale moonlight ?

Hast thou wandered forth at eventide
To watch the decline of day ?
Doth a holier spell around thee dwell
With the sun's last parting ray ?

Oh ! there are thoughts and visions fair
My soul would not exchange
For the sparkling gem, or the diadem,
From the earth's remotest range.

• And there's a fairer, purer light,
In religion's path of peace,
That shall not fade with the evening shade,
But evermore increase.

TO THE FRIEND OF MY MOTHER.

Cold, cold indeed must be this heart,
And silent in the grave,
And all my early memories
Lost in oblivion's wave ;

Hushed were my harp—its silent strings
Should never wake again,
Could it refuse one verse for thee—
For thee one grateful strain.

Thou wast my mother's early friend,
And though her sainted form
Hath long laid in the silent grave,
For thee my heart is warm.

Thou know'st not— never can'st thou know
How madly I have wept ;
How madly I have grieved for her—
What nightly vigils kept !

And ne'er can I forget the hour,
When, by her early tomb,
I stood, a weeping orphan child,
While all around was gloom.

And thou, her friend, wast far away—
Didst thou not grieve for me ?
Didst thou not weep for her who slept
Beneath the dark yew tree ?

Long years have pass'd—time changes wrought—
And we have seldom met ;
But, oh, my mother's cherished friend
I never could forget !

THE PAST.

The past is before me, its scenes now appear,
With many a friend long remembered and dear ;
And some whom my spirit hath long held in store,
Who, perchance, now remember my being no more.

Oh ! bright were the visions that fancy once wove,
And few knew how far my wild fancy could rove,
Ere, chastened by sorrow, and sobered by time,
'Twas mingled with feeling, and flow'd into rhyme.

Let Stoics forget there is pleasure and pain,
While others remember but pleasure's soft reign ;
But life, *as it is*, is more dear to my heart
Than aught their proud theories can ever impart.

And can they forget me, the loved of my youth ?
They knew not—how could they—my friendship and truth ;
One half of my feelings were never expressed,
And fortune, *blind fortune*, hath clouded the rest !

But there are some memories in which I would live,
And some whose desertion 'twere hard to forgive,
And some whom I honor, yet scarcely can claim
A title to memory, or friendship's proud name.

The world and its troubles, its cares and its strife,
The pleasures, the honors, the changes of life,
May lead our thoughts onward from life's early day,
But, oh, the remembrance can ne'er fade away !

MY HEART IS YEARNING O'ER THEE.

My heart is yearning o'er thee, thou country of my love,
My heart is yearning o'er thee, my prayers are raised above ;
My voice is faint and feeble, I cannot speak aloud,
And yet my earnest breathings would reach the giddy crowd.

Alas, where is our reason, where is our self-respect ?
We cringe to foreign merit, our interests neglect ;
The stripes and stars are hoisted, our eagle drops his crest
Before the star of fashion, the monarch of the West !

Our rich will spend their thousands, our poor their hun-
reds pay,
Perchance, unto some foreigner, who squanders it away ;

To gratify the senses they sell the people's bread,
And, when they ask for manna, they give them stones instead.

In vain the faithful teacher strives with his utmost skill
With stores of useful knowledge the youthful mind to fill ;
For if the stamp of fashion has never marked his name,
A poorly paid subsistence is all he dares to claim.

Alas ! for lack of knowledge, misuse of paltry gold,
The people are destroyed, their interests are sold ;
And we, miscalled instructors, must sit us tamely by,
Nor dare to give our country aught but a passing sigh.

MY NATIVE LAND.

'Tis the home of my fathers, and dear is its name ;
'Tis the home of my brothers, and sweet is its fame ;
'Tis the home of my sisters, and blest be its sand ;
“ 'Tis the home of my childhood !—my own native land !”

'Tis the home of the free, 'tis the home of the brave ;
'Tis the home that a Washington labored to save ;
'Tis the home so oft blessed by a patriot's hand ;
“ 'Tis the home of my childhood !—my own native land !”

'Tis the home of sweet vales, of proud rivers and lakes ;
And methinks how old ocean his slumber forsakes
As in his dark bed he receives the bright band
From ' the home of my childhood !—my own native land !”

'Tis the home of young genius, the nursery of art,
The protector of science, the home of the heart ;
By the soft airs of freedom our altars are fann'd ;
“ 'Tis the home of my childhood !—my own native land !”

'Tis the home where the bounties of nature are spread,
And the Grace of the Gospel upon it is shed ;
For fair on the mountains her messengers stand
Round “ the home of my childhood !—my own native land !”

'Tis the home of my spirit, the home, as I trust,
Where my bones shall repose as they slumber in dust,
And my prayers shall arise, as I leave its bright strand,
For “ the home of my childhood !—my own native land !”

FALSE GREATNESS.

“ Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
“ *The rest is all but leather or prunella.*”—POPE.

Oh, strange mistake ! pray what hath worth to do
With this gay scene that we are passing through ?
'Tis dress, appearance, show is all in all,
And by this standard we must rise or fall.

Put on thy lowly garb and walk the street,
And bow obsequious to each friend you meet ;
Perchance thy answer is a haughty nod—
Enough for those who slight the *people's* god !

Let thy equipage be of ancient date,
Or ride abroad devoid of pomp and state,

And who, of all this curious world, will care
To know your name, or whence or what you are ?

Thy modest nature shuns the public gaze,
And thou, perhaps, art lowly in thy ways ;
It is enough to win the public scorn—
'Twas better, far, if thou had'st ne'er been born :

And if thou laborest for thy daily bread—
For 'tis by labor that the world is fed—
The scornful few, who live at thy expense,
Will deem thee lacking in good common sense.

It is not worth, nor wealth, alone can gain
Place in that temple where the proud and vain
Worship the idols they have set on high,
Despising all things else beneath the sky !



IMMORTALITY.

Ah ! why this longing—why, my soul,
These anxious thoughts without control ?
The burning wish, the ardent prayer,
The daily toil and nightly care ?

It is not fortune—wealth is poor,
And cannot pay the boundless store ;
Not India's self can count the gold
For which true happiness is sold !

It is not fame—to be confined
By limits of the vulgar mind—

My anxious wishes would aspire
For something more, for something higher.

Oh, no—not fortune, fame or power,
Frail, fleeting pleasures of an hour !
Possessed of more my soul would be,
It longs for Immortality !

I fain would breathe a purer air,
A brighter, holier influence share ;
With kindred spirits would commune—
With Heaven's Great King, the God Triune !

A M B I T I O N .

Tame thee—tame thee, eagle spirit,
Tame thee in thy upward flight ;
No true bliss canst thou inherit
'Till the heart be tuned aright.

Whence is then this wild ambition ?
This unbounded thirst for fame ?
Man was made of low condition—
Would he glory in his shame ?

Wouldst thou seek for empty treasures ?
Wouldst thou spend thy days for nought ?
Oh, beware of earthly pleasures,
Lest they be too dearly bought !

Wouldst thou seek for things immortal ?
Lo ! the gates of Heaven in view !
Haste, oh, haste to reach the portal,
There thy fainting strength renew.

There is everlasting glory—

Wouldst thou in its blessings share?

Listen to the Saviour's story,

And thy life with his compare.

—

THE POET.

The poet he sang, in the height of his fame,
And nations bow'd down at the sound of his name ;
The king and the peasant were ravished to hear,
And the heart of the tyrant was quaking with fear.

The poet he sang, and he toiled for his bread,
Till trouble and anguish had silvered his head ;
His form was bow'd down, but the notes of his lyre,
Though tremulous, still did to heaven aspire.

The world it applauded, it honored his name ;
Enrolled it on high in the annals of fame ;
From the poverty stricken turned coldly away,
And worshipping'd some idol more potent to-day !

In a green, quiet nook, beneath the broad shade,
By the side of the brook, soon the poet was laid ;
A monument rare was erected to tell
The name of the bard that none could excel.

Here the foot of the pilgrim was oft turned aside,
And the world came to worship its honor and pride ;
The dust of the poet received that respect
Which was due to the man that died of neglect !

THE WIND.

I know, by the sound of his music afar,
The brave General Boreas is ready for war ;
The song and the shout I already detect,
The full charge of his phalanx we soon may expect.

Oh, have you not heard of his actions so brave ?
The sway that he bears o'er Atlantic's broad wave ?
One breath of his banner, one touch of his spear,
May sink the proud ship—filling nations with fear.

Little less upon land is his power displayed—
His coming is known and his mandate obeyed ;
The king of the forest oft bows his proud head,
And man views his progress with wonder and dread.

Hark ! away in the North now his trumpet is heard,
The Vandals and Goths of his army are stirred ;
Let each one be careful and guard well his own,
For pity's a weakness they never have known !

From the East, and the West, and the storm-loving South,
He gathers his legions, regardless of drouth ;
He feareth no ill, nor stayeth his hand,
Till he's swept o'er the length and the breadth of the land.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE WOMEN'S RIGHTS CON-
VENTION HELD AT WORCESTER, MASS., IN 1850.

The world has gone mad, but I would not complain
If no other than *man* were weak-minded and vain ;
For woman, though timid, has ever been found
With patient endurance and constancy crown'd.

Not hers to lead armies—and can she desire,
In the proud halls of science, with man to aspire ?
And would she forego the sweet pleasures of life
To mingle in politics, party and strife ?

Alas, for our country ! when those who should guard
The innermost shrine, leave the portals unbarr'd—
Leave their household Penates a prey to the foe,
While they seek for that wisdom 'tis folly to know !

Alas, for our country ! My sisters give ear ;
Let home and its duties forever be dear ;
Let reason, religion, and virtue direct,
And modesty guide you to love and respect.

No more let your banner be proudly unfurled,
Nor seek to contend with the lords of the world ;
For Nature, herself, these distinctions hath made,
Which God hath decreed—be His precepts obeyed !

THE AGE OF WONDERS.

The fabled are of wonders
Is puzzling mortal brains ;
The iron horse is racing
Swift through the fertile plains.

The steam-engine is plowing
Across the vasty deep,
And man is telegraphing
Thoughts he cannot keep.

As women 'tend conventions,
And preach the gospel too,
The men must wash the dishes,
Or what will children do ?

They, too, must tend the babies,
Or else, poor helpless things,
They never can appreciate
The music mother sings !

Since Bloomers are in fashion,
Methinks it were unkind,
In any well-bred poet,
To task, too much, the mind.

Then, with an exhortation,
I'll close my simple verse ;
Be patient, gentle masters,
We ladies will rehearse !

THE RIVAL GODS.

Three rival gods did once agree
To prove their high divinity
By some great act, some wond'rous deed,
That should all other acts exceed.
Then first Olympus, spreading wide,
With bolts of thunder well supplied,
Was formed by Jove, of lofty name,
To speak to future years his fame.
Next, belching forth a fiery lake,
Old Pluto's skill did Etna make ;
A lasting monument, to tell
The prowess of the God of Hell.
Brave Neptune saw, afar, the smoke,
And thus with majesty he spoke :
" Arise, ye waves, my voice obey,
" From lofty rocks your homage pay ;
" Your trumpet voice my praise proclaim,
" And herald forth great Neptune's name !"
His dashing trident, as he spoke,
Formed bold Niagara at a stroke !

ORIGIN OF OLD MAIDS.

As Jove, one day, in merry mood,
Was pairing wretched mortals,
He found some females far too good
To pass the bridal portals ;

Too full of goodness, truth and grace,
To mix with man's degenerate race.

And here the god was at a stand,
Till Dian claimed them for her own—
Said they should be a sacred band,
Devoted to good deeds alone ;
Gave them a generous, active mind,
And sent them forth to bless mankind.

When Jove sent Mercury from above,
To publish this, his high decree :
The thief stole many a heart of love,
And many a pair did not agree ;
These troubled souls, like wandering shades,
Have fixed a stigma on " Old Maids !"

VANITY.

Oh, Vanity ! thy Proteus shape
Might well become the pictured ape ;
But man, endowed with higher sense,
With greater knowledge and pretense,
Methinks should scorn the fickle art,
Nor stoop to play a braggart's part.
Creation's lords may justly claim
The honor due their birth and name ;
To them with deference we yield
The empire of the flood and field ;
'Tis meet and right they should preside,
But not with overweening pride ;

Nor may they trample in the dust
Those whom they ought to shield and trust ;
But there are some whose critic eye
Evil in all our actions spy—
Our modesty is lack of sense,
Our virtue but the mere pretence ;
Our firmness is obdurate will,
And courtesy more sinful still.
If gay, we play a coquette's part ;
If grave, we fain would steal the heart ;
If friendly, love and art unite
To win some poor unlucky wight ;
Reserve, is pride that soars above,
And feeling, disappointed love.
'Tis woman's lot, do what she will,
Still to be blamed, misconstrued still,
To gratify that foolish pride
Which man himself can scarce abide ;
For some there are, whose noble soul
Would scorn the thought of base control—
Whose generous natures still can see
Things as they are, and ought to be ;
And who, in all they do or say,
Make *truth* the guardian of their way.
Such be the guide to woman given,
Or single be her path to heaven !

THE PRINTER'S FEAST.

The weather is cold, and the going is bad,
Scarce any amusement is now to be had ;
How dull it would be, both for little and great,
If the bountiful Printer never emptied his plate.

'Tis winter without, but just draw round the fire,
To a feast that an epicure well might desire ;
Here is beefsteak and pudding, and poultry and pie,
And all made so cheap that the poorest can buy.

Soho, Mr. Editor ! what have we here ?
A Turkey just caught on a Muscovite spear ;
The bird is well cooked, well-seasoned the filling,
I like every part but the idea of killing !

What an excellent pudding a love-story makes,
Though some prefer meat or political steak ;
Historical pastry, methinks you will find
The best to improve and enlighten the mind.

Moral sketches and essays are biscuit and bread,
Though some like flat speeches, or pancakes, instead ;
And there's plenty of sauce in the shape of strange tales
From the far-famed New England, from Ireland or Wales.

A little more spice, Mr. Editor, pray !
A delicate wit seasons all by the way ;

**Kind words, fitly spoken, are certain to please,
And will pass very well for butter and cheese.**

**Cake, crackers, and custard, the muses will send ;
Tea, coffee, and sugar, the sisterhood lend ;
Love speeches and marriage as sweetmeats are drest—
If you want any more, just fancy the rest !**

A VISIT TO THE GOLD MINES.

**Some seek the broad Pacific—
Fair California's shore—
The far-famed El Dorado—
In search of golden ore.**

**Methinks in every country
True riches may be found ;
Both gold, and gems, and diamonds,
Within each country's bound.**

**Let each man look within him,
Unveil each secret mind,
And see if there are treasures
More costly or refined.**

**The wealth of pure affection,
More precious far than gold,
Like to some sparkling fountain,
Hath virtues all untold !**

**There is the wealth of intellect,
A bright, exhaustless mine,**

Which well may take a life-time
To open and refine ;

There are a thousand qualities
Of head, and hand, and soul,
Which we are bound to cultivate,
To strengthen or control.

Then look not on the surface,
Dig deep within the soil ;
And wealth—a sum unbounded—
Will soon reward your toil !

TRANSIENT THOUGHTS.

I want a subject for my verse,
And something entertaining ;
For I have grown uncommon dull,
The School-ma'am part sustaining !

I like the character quite well,
But, then, this constant drilling
Is sure to wear a person out
Before they save a shilling !

But apropos of money now,
The California diggers,
'Tis hoped will bring us home some new,
To help us out in figures !

What think you of our President ?
The Whigs have gained the election ;

I hope the present government
Will give the schools protection.

For though no vain opposer I
Of free-soil annexation,
I think improvement should be made
In every present station.

And while the march of intellect
Is steadily proceeding,
I'll be an humble advocate
For writing, spelling, reading!

A POET'S RIGHTS.

Whate'er a poet chance to do,
It is his right to magnify ;
He may descant upon a smile,
Be eloquent upon a sigh!

His friends, more blest than other's friends ;
More dear, more virtuous, more wise!
If not, his art can make them so ;
Improve, exalt, immortalize !

If wealth be his—a poet's wealth—
What boundless treasures 'twould unfold ;
More potent than the magic wand
Whose touch converts base earth to gold!

If poor, his poverty is proof
That genius claims him for her own ;

And he would not exchange his art
For wealth untold, or sums unknown !

If doomed to toil, his labor then
Becomes the subject of his verse ;
And who will count that work as nought
Which takes a poet to rehearse.

His actions bear a secret charm :
He dwells in an enchanted ground ;
The spirit that inspires his song
Sheds a bright halo all around ?

THE SONG OF THE BONNET.

Why may not a pretty bonnet
Be the subject of my song ?
If the milliner hath done it
Sure I am it can't be wrong.

If, perchance, some one hath worn it,
Bleached it in the sun and rain ;
Or, by accident, hath torn it,
Why, it must be done again !

Only fancy, then, some dozens,
Torn and tattered, black and brown ;
Some are strangers', some are consins',
Some set up, and some lie down.

Then the fixing and parading,
Ripping up the whole concern ;

Washing, bleaching, sunning, shading,
Altering at fashion's turn :

Next the stiffening, and the pressing,
Setting up in handsome shape ;
Wiring, trimming, and finessing,
Borders made of lace or crape.

Thus the workman's task is ended,
And the muse her part hath done :
Both must surely be commended
While a bonnet is the *ton* !

ON A BASKET OF CHIPS WHICH WERE NEVER
PICKED UP.

Unlucky basket!—cruel fate !
Which won for me an aunty's hate ;
For when she bade me do it
I knew I ought, but little thought
I should so sadly rue it !

Unlucky chips ! your ghosts appear,
And that same tale I often hear ;
Though you no more have being
You haunt me still, and ever will,
While I my aunt am seeing.

Those chips ! those chips ! she bade me bring,
How could I, then, neglect the thing,
Or wantonly despise it ?

Though they are past the deed will last,
And aunt will criticise it !

Smile on, smile on, ye faultless fair
Who ne'er despised an aunty's care,
Or left an empty basket
When chips she sought, but quickly brought
Them, soon as she did ask it.

I mourn, I mourn, but 'tis in vain,
For childhood ne'er comes back again ;
Though 'twill excite your pity,
I can't recall my first sad fall,
Recorded in this ditty !

TO MEMORY.

Thou sweet prolonger of the past
How many joys are thine ;
Oh, may thy hallowed influence last,
And brighter wreaths entwine !

TO A LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

Why should I twine the mystic line,
Or bid thee think of me ?
For other cares thy brow now wears
Than those of maiden glee.

That solemn vow was heard e'en now
That claimed thee for a bride,
And thou must go, through weal and wo,
Still near thy husband's side.

Another home now bids thee come,
And thou must haste away ;
Though sisters dear should drop a tear
They cannot bid thee stay.

Farewell, sweet bride ; thy partner's pride
Oh may'st thou ever be :
It is my lot to be forgot—
Thou wilt not think of me !

But if thing eye should chance to spy
This simple little rhyme,
In some dark day, when far away,
'Twill mark the lapse of time.

As former ties before thee rise,
The friends of other days,
This flowing ink will bid thee think
Of her who twin'd these lays !

'TIS NOT MY HOME.

It is my home no longer,
The stranger dwelleth there ;—
The grass is green as ever,
The landscape is as fair.

There are the walks so lovely,
Where I was wont to roam—
The cottage and the garden ;
But, oh, 'tis not my home !

There are no kindred footsteps
To meet me at the door ;
No kindred smile of welcome,
As once in days of yore.

Though as with moisten'd eyelids
I gaze upon the scène,
It seemeth like some paradise,
Whose walks are always green :

The thoughts of distant loved ones .
Around my heart will come ;
I turn away in sadness,
For, oh ! 'tis not my home !

TO A FAMILY OF MY FRIENDS.

Thanks, dear friends, ten thousand thanks,
For the ready kindness shown ;
My heart responds with grateful warmth,
And emulates your own !

In after days, as I review
The seasons that are past,
The pleasant days I've spent with you
Shall not be least nor last.

For ye have strewed my weary path
 With bright refreshing flowers,
 And cheered, with friendship's gentle light,
 My dark and lonely hours.

Oh, then, may peace, a constant guest,
 Around your hearth-stone dwell ;
 In blessing may yourselves be blest,
 Beyond what *earth* can tell !



FOR AN ACQUAINTANCE.

" Come, make me some verses, just write me a few,
 " That I may preserve in remembrance of you ;
 " You know I would prize them, esteem them a treasure,
 " And oft would peruse them with profit and pleasure."

Oh, had I the gift that I fancied was mine,
 No other request were more welcome than thine ;
 But genius is fickle, and, when she refuses,
 We labor in vain, in vain court the muses.

One wish for the future, and one for the past :
 May hope and fond memory triumph at last,
 And the bright bands of friendship, cemented together,
 Defy the cold storms and the dark cloudy weather.

Adieu, then, to flattery, away with false art,
 And give me the truth that is fresh from the heart ;
 One gem of pure feeling is worth more to me
 Than all the bright gems that are found in the sea !

Though nature hath blessed thee, remember, my friend,
That fortune is fickle, and false in the end !
That life's but a journey, a pilgrimage here—
Our being uncertain—Eternity near !

TO MISS M. B.

Some verses for thee ? But thou gav'st me no theme :
'Tis seldom my spirit for others can dream ;
Its own lonely musings are all it can tell,
And those are oft checked by adversity's spell.

But thou art afflicted—and such is my lot—
How many sad hearts by the world are forgot—
Health, Beauty and Fortune no compeers can find ;
Without them, oh ! where are the treasures of mind ?

How often the thoughtless forget there's an hour
When all must account for abuses of power ;
When the *talents* they have, and those they should gain,
May only augment both their sorrow and pain !

But why should the world have our hopes and our fears
When all it can give us is sighing and tears ?
It cannot speak peace to the desolate heart,
Or comfort the stricken, when death speeds his dart.

But there is a land where all sorrow shall cease,
Where the weary may rest, and their guerdon be peace :
There let our affections and treasures be found,
And Angels of Mercy our path shall surround.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE DEATH OF HER
MOTHER.

I will not say weep not, my friend,
For, ah ! too well I know
The *bitter grief* that to the brim
Hath filled thy cup with wo.

Though many years—long years have passed—
Though 'twas my childhood's grief—
And time essayed to heal the wound,
Yet tears are a relief !

We know not—never can we know—
Till we have lost the prize,
The value of a mother's love,
With all its tender ties.

A mother's love ?—delusive dream !
How have we proved its power ?
Mine, vanished like the early dew ;
Thine, ere thy noontide hour.

And yet we feel the magic spell
That memory hath wrought ;
'Tis linked with all our childish joys—
A love surpassing thought !

Surpassing thought?—surpassing all
Save that of *Him* who died.
Oh! may His love support us here
And bear us to His side.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG MOTHER.

I saw her 'mid the festal throng,
Her loved companion near,
Surrounded by a happy band,
Brothers and sisters dear.

I saw her with a mother's pride
Her first-born gently kiss ;
And marvell'd not that her fond heart
Was full of earthly bliss.

I marvell'd not that hope should speak
Of many years to come,
And of the thousand nameless joys
That cluster round sweet home.

But, ah! too soon the spoiler came!
And, with a ruthless power,
He snatched away the parent stalk,
And left the tender flower.

He took the daughter, sister, friend,
Ere life had lost its charms ;
He took the mother, while her babe
Was yet within her arms.

Alas ! though bitter tears are shed
Upon her early grave,
We cannot now call back the dead—
’Tis Christ alone can save.

Weep not for her, but in her child
Maria’s image see ;
A voice is in those opening eyes,
“ Dear friends, remember me.”

ON THE DEMISE OF AN INFANT.

Sweet infancy ! what are thy charms ?
Though men, unwitting, pass thee by,
The Saviour blessed thee in his arms,
Thy guardian angels wait on high.

Ah, lovely babe, if stranger hearts
Lament for thy untimely fate,
Who then can count a mother’s tears—
A mother’s anxious thoughts relate ?

But thou art blest—thy little feet
Ne’er learned to tread the wicked way ;
And thy pure spirit hasted soon
To seek the realms of endless day.

Tired with his sport, a happy babe
Was leaning on his mother’s breast ;
He kissed her cheek, then laid him down,
And quietly he sunk to rest.

The child sleeps on—a mother's eye
Hath visited his cradle-bed ;
Her anxious ear hath heard no sigh—
Oh ! can it be that he is dead ?

Yes, He who gave the precious boon,
Who blessed thee with his infant love,
Hath claimed its spirit for His own,
And borne thy darling far above.

Then weep no more, the time is short,
And thou may'st join thy sainted one ;
The lov'd and lost we all shall meet
If faithfully life's work is done,

GRIEVE NOT THAT THE YOUNG SHOULD DIE.

Oh ! grieve not that the young should die,
The beautiful and bright !
Though nature claims a parting sigh
Their course is marked with light,

Oh, grieve not that the innocent
Should leave this world of sin,
And, in a holier, happier sphere,
A brighter world should win.

Oh, grieve not that the strong and brave
Should seek the silent tomb ;
For He who made hath power to save
Them from its sullen gloom.

Then grieve no more that those we love
Should lay them down to rest ;
They do but seek their home above,
To dwell among the blest !

But rather grieve for those who live
In sin and suffering here ;
Whose crimes rise upward to that throne
Where all must soon appear !

“THOU SHALT NOT COVET.”

Oh, no ! I covet not their wealth,
Although the boon were blest with health ;
Oh, no ! I covet not their smile,
Although it might my tears beguile ;
The sunny hours of hope and glee,
The rich man's smile, are not for me !

I covet not what Heaven denies,
I covet a far greater prize—
I covet a contented mind,
A conscience clear, a will resigned ;
Strength to fulfill my duties here,
A title to a higher sphere !

THE SPIRIT'S FAST.

No more your vain oblations bring,
False-hearted, to your God and King !
Is this the fast by Heaven designed
To purify the inward mind ?—
A fast whose only cares and fears
Are outward penitence and tears ?
Ye judge the righteous for reward,
And have not called upon the Lord ?

But loosen now the bands of sin,
And cleanse the evil heart within ;
Let justice in your gates preside,
And let the widow's cause be tried ;
Let falsehood and detraction cease,
While each promotes his neighbors' peace ;
Proclaim a fast, with solemn awe,
Draw near and hearken to my law ;
Then bow within my sacred fane ;
Ye shall not seek the Lord in vain !

**"PRAY FOR THE PEACE OF JERUSALEM ; THEY
SHALL PROSPER THAT LOVE THEE."**

· PSALM 122:6v.

Pray, ye sons of Zion, pray !
Put far off the evil day ;

Ye, who love her holy cause ;
Ye, who hearken to her laws ;
Ye, who're walking in his light,
Cherished by her sacred might ;
Oh, neglect not now to pray,
Put far off the evil day !

When the first faint dawn appears,
When the morn thy spirit cheers,
When the evening shadows creep
O'er the earth and o'er the deep ;
In the house of prayer and praise,
When the social song you raise ;
When alone you bend the knee,
Zion whispers, " Pray for me !"

Pray ye for Jerusalem's peace,
Pray that discord still may cease ;
Let her priests be clothed with light,
Her children, blameless in God's sight ;
Be her faithful shepherds blest
While the flock in safety rest ;
Ever prosperous shall he be,
Zion, who would prosper thee !



TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship ! thou dear, dishonored name !
Where beams thy soul-enlivening ray !
In what blest spot, unknown to fame,
Dost thou thy gentle sceptre sway ?

The gay, the rich, the proud, the great,
Too well I knew owned not thy power ;
But sure, methought, the humble wait,
Well pleased, within thy mystic bower.

I sought that bower, and friends appeared—
Friends, as I deemed, for weal or wo ;
And nought my trusting spirit feared,
Nor dreamed the future aught could show.

But, oh ! how altered was the scene !
How changed each once familiar face,
When cold self-interest stepped between,
And claimed affection's cherished place !

Surprised and grieved, I scarcely knew
Resentment in that evil hour ;
Large drafts upon my fancy drew,
And strove to banish mammon's power.

Alas, 'twas vain ! our earthly hopes
Have no foundation but the sand :
Tis Christ, the friend of sinners, opens
Our passage to a better land !

There we shall meet—oh, blessed thought—
With all the loved and lost of earth ;
Nor fear our friendship may be bought
By beings of immortal birth !

There, father Abraham's gracious friend
Shall fill our souls with heavenly bliss ;
In fields of light our being blend
Far from the cares and toils of this !

. REMEMBRANCE.

I sing, I breathe into the air in vain,
I hear no echo—no responsive strain :
The proud, cold world, with cautious, critic eye,
Can naught but fancy in my verse espy !

We pass away—we pass and are forgot—
The place that knew us once, shall know us not ;
And shall we leave no trace, our name to tell,
When we are resting in our narrow cell ?

Ah, fond remembrance ! how we cling to thee,
To be forgot ! we might as well not be ;
'Tis immortality our spirits crave,
An immortality beyond the grave !

Ye fabled gods ! whom nations vainly sought,
Know ye the wonders that your names have wrought ?
What were ye once but mortals like to us—
What are ye now ye slumber in the dust ?

And yet we seek, we strive and toil for fame,
To win ourselves the honor of a name ;
Nay more, we jeopardy Eternal Bliss,
To win the praise of such a world as this !

Are these the fruits of man's untimely fall ?
And yet, remembrance, thou art dear to all :

And was it not for gracious end designed,
That man might imitate Eternal Mind ?

For gracious ends and gracious means 'twas given,
To teach our souls to seek the bliss of Heaven ;
To turn from earth its ever fading love
And seek remembrance in the courts above.

TO A MOTHER'S MEMORY.

Far, far away my mother sleeps,
The cold, cold ground her pillow ;
No friendly hand her vigil keeps,
Or trains the weeping willow.

She long hath slept—her sainted name
Unknown to deeds of glory :
Though pure and spotless was her fame
Yet humble is her story.

The parent kind, the friend of all,
But little here possessing ;
Prompt to relieve at mercy's call,
The poor oft shared her blessing.

Few were her years, and yet she left
An orphan band to sorrow—
An orphan band who could not see
The troubles of the morrow.

Alas ! too bitterly they've proved
That loss which none can measure ;

A mother's *name* alone remains,
To them a *priceless treasure* !

Her name remains, and yet methinks
My mother's angel spirit
Sometimes looks down from that bright sphere
I trust she doth inherit.

And though no more our earthly ties
Concentrate her pure vision,
May it not lead her cherished ones
To share that bright Elysian ?

ON REVISITING MY NATIVE PLACE.

The air of this, my native State,
Is bathing cheek and brow,
And fancy, with her idle tales,
No more can mock me now !

No more I dream of sunny vales,
I dream not of the sea ;
I view them both with fond delight,
And deem them due to me.

If aught the languid pulse can fill,
And truant health restore,
Methinks 'twould be this bracing air,
These scenes so loved before.

Few are the friends that welcome give,
For many, *many* years,

"But ours is the mission to humble your pride :
"The strength of the mighty we will not abide."

While humanity shudders, and shrinks at the thought
That thus the disciples of Jesus are taught,
May the prayer of the Christian avert the sad wrong,
Nor Heaven, in anger, its vengeance prolong!

HARD TIMES.

"Hard times," says the merchant, "my notes I can't pay,"
But mark his equipage and costly array ;
His house built of granite, his sofas and chairs,
And the many rich trinkets in store for his heirs.

"Hard times," says the farmer, his granary full,
"Provisions are high, but the market is dull ;
"I like to live easy, I'm sure to live well,
"Till these times shall alter I've nothing to sell."

Hard times for mechanics—if they get a good price
"A workman may surely have something that's nice."
So they bask in the sunshine, the morrow will pay,
Perchance, full as well as the profit to-day!

"Hard times," cry the ladies, but look at their heads,
Where fashion and folly have long made their beds ;
Their ribbons, and laces, and feathers, I ween
Give many a husband and father the spleen.

"Hard times," cry the masses, some with justice no doubt,
For so many *ins* there must be an *out* ;

Speculation and pride, with credit combined,
Would cheat all the world and the rest of mankind.

"Hard times," say the papers, "Heaven pity the poor,
"Thrown out of employment they're brought to death's
door ;"

But theatres, operas, concerts must thrive,
Tho' forms in God's image are tortured alive !

Hard times for us all—retrenchment, reform
Our burdens would lighten, would feed, clothe and warm.
Let us do to our neighbors as we would desire,
And the blessings of Heaven would waken the lyre.

THESE LATTER DAYS.

What is the last new humbug ? I'd really like to know,
Since Kossuth has departed, and Bloomers are no go ;
The war with all the Russias is rather serious matter,
But, then, it is so far removed we only hear the clatter.

The women, in conventions, are stirring to attain
An independent station—positions false and vain ;
And, not content to lecture, to moralize and teach,
They e'en assume the surplice, and undertake to preach !

Now is the time for caution, now is the time for care,
Of which the great Apostle hath bid mankind beware ;
False Christs and false Apostles do everywhere abound,
And men with lying wonders their neighbors will confound.

Now inward light disperseth the clouds of guilt and fear,
That outward revelations have only made more clear ;
And "*inward revelations*" do but confirm the plan,
" An outward revelation cannot be made to man !"

Where is the faithful Christian who hath not bowed the
knee

To light or vain opinions, or Rome's unballowed See ?
A train of speculations has nearly set aside
The ever-glorious Gospel for which the Saviour died !

Come, let us search the scriptures—we surely there shall
find

A safeguard from delusion, a quiet peace of mind ;
The world's unhallowed customs, the fashion of the day,
Shall ne'er corrupt its pages, or steal our faith away.



REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

Flow back, flow back ye rolling years,
Take back your sorrows, cares and fears,
And let my spirit rove as free
As once in childhood's revelry.

I come, I come, my native stream,
My native cot, a welcome theme,
Here once I roved in childish glee,
As now, my spirit fancy free !

Yon rugged rocks I fancied high ;
Yon woods they seemed to reach the sky ;

Yon shades they seemed so dark and drear,
They filled my infant mind with fear !

Here is the rock on which we played ;
Here are the tiny loaves we made ;
Here are my playmates, one and all,
And echo answers to our call.

Oh, vain delusion ! false as fair !
E'en now my spirit whispers *where ?*
Where is the mother, whose kind hand
So often blessed our little band ?

Where are my sisters ? Do I dream ?
Or have they hid beside the stream ?
E'en happy childhood hath no joy
Unmingled with some slight alloy.

Sisters come back !—They answer not,
And vanished is my native cot :
Life, with its cares, appear in view :
My early friends, adieu ! adieu !



DO THEY THINK OF ME ?

Do they think of me ?—the friends I love—
The friends I prize next to Heaven above ?
Do they often dream of the absent one,
When the cares and toils of the day are done ?
G

For I would not mix in the busy strife,
In the careless thoughts of the outer life,
Though the guerdon of friendship still were sweet
If these should claim an offering meet.

But when the eve, with its silent hours,
Awakes the soul to its better powers ;
When memory goes back, with its silent tread,
To recall the past from its misty bed ;

When we linger long with those we love,
Or prayerfully, tearfully look above ;
I claim one thought from the cherished few
That I love the best of the *good* and *true* !

TO AN ABSENT BROTHER.

My brother ! oh, my brother !
A charm is in that word ;
It touched a chord within me,
My inmost soul is stirred !

Oh ! why should there be partings ?
Why should the *absent one*
Appear in dreams and visions,
And cloud our brightest sun ?

Would we, then, part with memory,
And cast it far away ?
And should we then be happy,
Say, dearest brother, say ?

Though other friends surround us,
The absent most we prize ;
We tremble for their safety,
For them our prayers arise :

And mine for thee, dear brother !
Mayst thou be safe from harm,
And some kind guardian angel
Still bear thee on his arm !

May prosperous fortune lead thee
Back to thy father's home ;
To sisters who will greet thee
And bid thee cease to roam !

When kindred friends are meeting
Around the Judgment Seat,
Our happiness completing,
May we with blessings meet !

THE CHILD'S REQUEST.

" Aunt," said a little, thoughtful boy,
Of scarcely four years old,
As the funeral train went by,
And the funeral tale was told—

" Will they bury us up in the ground ?
" And when, dear aunt, will it be ?
" My grave must be by the side of yours,
" For I want you to sleep by me !"

And he told, with a cheerful eye,
How the graves must both be made ;
How quiet would be our repose
When we two in the grave are laid.

Half-sighing, I could not but think
How much must first be done ;
And I blessed the child, while I prayed
The goal might safely be won !

By faith and by purity joined,
How sweet are the bands of love ;
And hath not the Saviour said,
Of such is my *Kingdom* above ?

THE IDEAL.

Soft sleep stole o'er me, and I dreamed
A dream of love and bliss,
'Mid fancy's regions, though it seemed
To be a world like this.

Kind friends were round me, friends most dear,
Those whom I know and love ;
Not as on earth they now appear,
But like the saints above !

A voice bespoke me, and a form
Was ever by my side,
Which seemed to shield me from the storm—
A guardian and a guide.

And over these a charm was spread
Which Nature scarcely knows,
A light from Heaven, which seemed to shed
A bliss o'er human woes.

I soon perceived 'twas but a dream,
A phantom of the brain ;
And like the sun's last parting beam,
It came and went again.

I woke, and found myself alone
In this cold world of ours ;
The pale moon-beams around me shone,
And mocked fond fancy's powers :

And she, the guardian of my youth,
Had sought her blissful home,
The realms of endless love and truth,
While I a stranger roam !

MELANCHOLY.

My home is in the forest,
'Tis dark, and cold, and wild ;
My home is in the forest,
And I am fancy's child.

I love to roam at evening
Amid the forest shades ;
I love to sit by moonlight
Beside the forest glades ;

And yet I sometimes visit
The busy haunts of men ;
For oftentimes my power
Appears the strongest then ;

For e'en the proudest spirit
Will quail beneath my touch ;
And though men do not love me,
They fear me overmuch !

OH, LET ME WEEP.

Oh, let me weep ! Check not my tears.
But bid them freely flow,
For this the fainting spirit cheers,
This gives relief from wo !

I'd weep o'er scenes long passed away,
O'er hopes that long have flown ;
I'd weep o'er many an idle lay,
And many a thoughtless tone.

I'd weep o'er friends that once were true,
O'er hearts that once were warm ;
O'er every proof affliction drew
Of friendship in the storm.

I'd weep, but the fountain of grief is dry.
The heart locked in despair,
And the cold, cold world is passing by—
Forbear, my soul, forbear !

PRIDE AND POPULARITY.

Cold are the wintry winds that sweep the plain,
And cold the billows of the northern main ;
But colder still the proud unfeeling heart
Whose every impulse is controlled by art.

Base popularity ! thy itching palm
Defies the power of wisdom to be calm ;
Though restless still, thy votaries are bound
With triple chains, by habit fettered round.

They seek for wealth, promotion, place and power,
The merest slaves of custom every hour ;
At fashion's shrine their hearts and friends are wrecked,
Nay, virtue, principle, and self-respect !

Like kings of old, so they but reach the throne
What boots it them how many nations groan ;
Their words, like spears, pierce the unwary soul,
And bend the feeble to their weak control.

Oh, Liberty ! so justly dear to all !
Shall thy blest image bow to fashion's thrall ?
Shall bravest hearts, and willing hands, submit
To worldly cunning and unhallowed wit ?

Shall we, who deem sincerity our might,
Who seek to dwell in wisdom's purer light ;

Shall we refuse our feeble voice to raise,
Or dare to sing "unpardonable lays?"

No! by our friends—the friends of justice too—
By all the good, the honest, and the true,
Be it our care the broken heart to bind,
Strengthen the weak, and stay the feeble mind!

THEY PASS ALONG.

They pass along, a giddy throng,
The gay, the rich, the proud, the great ;
And with disdain they mark the plain,
The poor, and those of low estate.

They spread the feast, and bid the least
That bows to fashion's idle sway ;
But treat with scorn those who were born
Beneath a milder ray ?

We heed them not—our lowly cot,
Blest with a double charm ;
For peace is here, a conscience clear,
With fearlessness of harm.

Then pass along, ye giddy throng,
Our hands supply our need ;
The muse shall dwell within our cell,
And we are rich indeed.

IF I WERE A POET.

If I were a poet, oh, how I would sing ?
The woods would be charmed, and sweet echo would ring ;
The fountains would sparkle, the earth would be bright,
And everything living be filled with delight !

If I were a poet, I'd build me a cot
Beside some bright stream where the mildew is not ;
I'd plant me a garden, and busily twine
The myrtle and rose with the mirth-giving vine.

If I were a poet, my lawn would be spread,
The fir-tree and maple should wave overhead,
The fruits of the season they all should be there,
And all things be thriving and cherished with care.

If I were a poet, my friends would be blest,
The feast oft be spread and the viands be drest ;
In innocent pleasures we'd hallow each day,
Till life would pass swiftly and sweetly away.

If I were a poet, oh, how I would sing !
The woods would be charmed and old echo would ring ;
The fountains would sparkle, the earth would be bright,
And everything living be filled with delight !

A VALENTINE.

Hath the Muse no gift for the Valentine ?
Oh, shall she not hasten a wreath to twine,
An expression pure of the innocent heart,
Whose pulse never beat to the wiles of art ?
Then give me the myrtle, the lover's own flower,
The ivy, that clings to the old church tower,
The evergreen, with its virtues rare,
And a single rose-bud may linger there.
'Tis a charmed wreath ! Dost thou doubt its spell ?
My Valentine bids thee a long farewell.

I AM HAPPY.

I am happy, most as happy
As the day is long ;
I could sing and dance for gladness
Were I skilled in song.

I am happy, though performing
Duties oft unpleasant ;
And my spirit sometimes seeketh
Other than the present.

I am happy— can it be
An evanescent feeling
That will vanish with the morrow,
Other scenes revealing ?

I am happy—is it pleasure,
Mortals, you're pursuing ?
Seek it in the path of duty,
Else not worth the wooing !

TO MRS. V.

Friend of my heart, why should I seek in vain
For words which may my love to thee contain ?
Thy worth, thy virtue, and thy kind regard,
Should have been sung by a far happier bard ;
But, since you prize each simple verse of mine,
You will accept this tribute, justly thine.
Ah, why did fortune, in an envious hour,
Withhold from me the good within her power ?
Sisters in heart, why were we not in name ?
One birth, one fortune, and one common fame,
Together had we shared the joys of life,
Together met those ills with which 'tis rife,
Together had we sought the classic field,
To taste the knowledge scarcely yet revealed,
Together had we trod poetic ground,
To pluck the flowers the muses scatter round.
But now—ah, no, I will not blame my fate,
Since for a season cast with thine, though late ;
We still may share some of the joys of earth,
And seek together a far better birth.

TO A CHILD.

Dost thou love me, little sister?
As you fondly kiss my cheek
Oft I feel that pure affection
Which the proudest heart might seek.

Dost thou love me as a sister?
Say, thou dear, adopted one;
Could I bear to live without thee
Since thy heart's fond love is won?

Dost thou love me? Need I ask thee?
Sure thy actions speak *that* love
Which is fondest, fairest, purest,
Most like that in heaven above!

MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND.

Come twine the wreath, the rosy wreath,
To deck the bride's fair brow;
And strew her path with sweetest flowers,
And list the marriage vow.

Oh! wot ye not that solemn vow
Was registered in Heaven?
And deem ye not to those we bless
The blessing shall be given?

And think ye not in after years,
In some dark troubled hour,
That blessing and that solemn vow
Shall breathe a hallowed power?

For though the morning sun be bright,
Dark clouds may intervene;
And storms may rage and whirlwinds blow
Ere evening close the scene.

Then let your trust be surely fixed
Firm in each other's love,
Firm in the faith and confidence
Of Him who dwells above.

THE BAPTISM.

I saw two parents at the altar kneel,
Bearing their babes to greet the heavenly seal;
Two lovely infants—one of two years old,
The other scarce her seven months had told;
And in their early innocence they came,
That they might learn to bear the Saviour's name.
Soon as the bright baptismal dew was shed,
By priestly hands, upon each little head,
The prayer arose from lips of pious love
Those little ones might reach the courts above,
With kindred friends, to join the heavenly choir
In praising God, their *Everlasting* Sire!
Then did *His* children feel no holy thrill?
And were there hearts more unbelieving still?

And were there those who gazed in silence there,
And turned away to earth, and earthly care,
Without one sorrow for the sinful past —
Without one hope of reaching Heaven at last?
Thrice blessed infants! may you never know
The depths of sin, of misery and wo,
That doth debase, beneath th' unconscious clod,
The unhappy man that can forget his God!
But may you live to thank parental care,
That early brought you in His love to share.

TO A SISTER.

Dear sister, if I never wove
A single verse for thee,
Oh, count it not as lack of love—
Thou know'st it could not be!
But thou wert ever by my side,
And of myself a part;
It seemed but vanity and pride,
To boast a loving heart.
The scene is changed—and far away
Another claims thee now;
And though for thee I weep and pray,
My heart hath learned to bow.
Yes, I have learn'd the bitter task
My idols to resign;
And yet I cannot, dare not say,
“Lord, I am wholly thine.”

We cling to earth—and I to thee,
Sweet sister of my soul ;
Although the spirit, in its might,
Fix'd laws cannot control.

It cannot burst the bounds of space,
Recall the seasons past,
Bring back the many happy hours
That were too bright to last.

Yet still my spirit shall commune
With thee, my sister friend ;
The love that blessed our infant years,
With time alone shall end.

ON HEARING A SERMON IN ZION CHURCH,
GREENE, N. Y.

Near where the bright Chenango flows
We sought the house of prayer—
At morn, at noon, at eventide,
Our footsteps lingered there.

There stood a Messenger of Peace,
Far distant from his home,
And told to our attentive ears
The cause that bade him roam.

Fair Texas, though a fertile soil,
Has not of worldly wealth
Which may support that care and toil
That seeks the soul's best health :

For war,* that desolating power,
Had shed its influence wide,
And swept, with unresisting hand,
Her wealth beneath its tide.

The shepherd of a little flock,
He came their wants to plead,
That brethren in the Christian race
Might help supply their need.

They have no sacred dwelling-place,
No altar where to kneel ;
They hear no organ's solemn sound,
No bell with merry peal !

For this they seek, for this they mourn,
For this their Pastor roams—
To build a temple to the Lord
Among their Southern homes.



A MISSION TO FULFILL.

Thou hast a mission to fulfill,
Stranger or friend, whoe'er thou art ;
'Tis not for thee to choose the path,
But manfully to play thy part.

Thou hast a mission to fulfill,
Let not thy life be spent in vain ;

* Written soon after the Mexican war.

For *He who gave*, may soon recall
Thy spirit to Himself again.

Thy mission, too, is one of love,
Of good to some poor child of ill ;
Thou may'st recall a soul from death,
Or bid the breaking heart "be still."

Then up and on—let not the world
Thy inmost heart and thoughts control ;
But seek thy spirit's better part,
The triumph of immortal soul !

Prize not thy wealth—the Lord of all
Is jealous e'en of worldly pelf ;
Whate'er thou art, whate'er thou hast,
He claims it wholly for himself.

Oh ! Thou, who didst our souls redeem !
Teach us thy mission to fulfil ;
As thine own prayer, to Thee we pray,
Teach us to do *Thy holy will* !

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

I used to make verses, and sing of the times,
And do up my thoughts in practical rhymes ;
But, dear me, I don't know what happened at last,
Methought that the world was progressing too fast !

H

Already 'tis full of each project and plan,
Enough to disturb the caliber of man ;
And woman, who seeks to contend with them all,
Unnerved by a contest unequal, must fall.

It is not her province, and seldom can be,
To mingle in politics, wars, or the sea ;
Forbidden by Heaven to serve at its shrine,
Her calling and mission are no less divine.

Placed here as a helpmeet to man in his need,
To the sick and the suffering an angel indeed,
To the young a protector, a guardian and guide,
To the old a support, by adversity tried.

Where were the young children, by mothers denied ?
And where were the homes of our pleasure and pride ?
Remove but the landmark, lay open the fold,
The lambs would soon perish of hunger and cold !

Oh, fatal delusion ! The serpent once more
Hath found a temptation as great as of yore ;
One mode to gain woman he lately has seen,
And offers to make her much *more* than a queen !

Shall we give up our Eden—religion and love—
The promise of bliss in the regions above ;
In strife and contention our few years to spend,
Without any prospect of hope in the end ?

TO JENNIE LIND.

I would not be a flatterer,
Much less would flatter thee ;
Thou, whom the world is praising,
Can'st need no praise from me.

Yet, with a sister feeling,
I greet thy kindly heart,
And glory in the triumph
That virtue can impart.

I* listened without pleasure—
They called thy voice divine ;
Methought it was false incense,
And never could be thine.

I heard thy deeds of mercy,
Of kindness and of love,
And deemed thy gentle spirit
Commun'd with those above.

If such is then thy mission,
God speed thee on thy way ;
Thou need'st no other blessing,
Thy footsteps shall not stray.

* The writer never heard M^dle. Lind sing.

Then who hast won thy thousands
Of fortune and of fame,
Will not despise this tribute
From one of humble name.

LETHEA.

There is a place, so poets sing,
For every lost and missing thing ;
And if you seek it where it lies
'Tis easy to regain the prize.

This doctrine, if it be but true,
Accounts for things we never knew ;
And for those many strange mistakes
Which every one so often makes.

Here fortunes, that were never made,
Lie hid beneath some gloomy shade ;
And heroes that were never known
Are buried in this Lethean zone.

Lost wits sometimes are here confined,
Accounting for an absent mind ;
And few will doubt, friendship and love
Take refuge here when lost above.

Through this dark land a stream doth flow,
Around whose waters, rolling slow,
The shades of night forever set—
Drink, if you would the past forget.

It is the grave of those we love,
It is the end of hope above,
It is the ruin of our kind,
The banishment of lofty mind !

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. M. C.

Old friends are falling round me,
Like leaves by Autumn strown ;
God bids us, by his warnings,
To trust His name alone.

List, then, *bereaved mourners*,
Oh ! listen to His voice ;
His grace alone can cheer you
And make your hearts rejoice.

You know the dear departed,
Ere sorrow's evil day,
Had sought the ark of safety,
And turned from earth away.

Her spirit safely trusted
A Saviour's dying love,
And she has gone to meet Him
And dwell with Him above.

She heard His voice, commanding
Leave here thine *orphan ones* ;
For *I will be their Father*,
And they shall be *my sons*.

Then seek the Lord, *dear children*,
While yet in early youth,
And He shall guard and guide you
To Everlasting Truth!

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. S. A.

A lovely form is lowly laid,
A gentle spirit lost to earth,
A soul immortal winged its way
To that bright land that gave it birth.

Oh, Death! relentless foe of man!
Could'st thou no fitter victim find?
Is't not enough, life's little span,
To three-score years and ten confined?

But thou must still forestall his doom,
And bring such Hydras to thy aid;
Thy reckless path thou mark'st with gloom,
Though Christ himself the ransom paid!

And dire Consumption claimed its own;
The pallid cheek, the altered brow,
They told that life, and *life* alone,
Could satisfy its cravings now.

She felt, she knew the fatal sign,
Prepared to meet it ere it came;
"O, Saviour, not my will, but thine,
"My trust is only in Thy name."

But while her spirit lingered here,
Ere yet it broke its earth-born spell,
Her kindred claimed a parting tear,
And tenderly she bade farewell.

“ The time is short—you all will come—
“ My Saviour’s love you all must share ;
“ I’m weary, and must hasten home—
“ Dear parents—husband—meet me there !”

EPITAPH FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

Her gentle spirit could not ’bide
This world of sin and pain ;
Scar’d by the tempest’s swelling tide
It sought its home again.

THE PIONEERS.

Together through this troublous world
Life’s journey was begun ;
In early youth, with plighted faith,
Their joys and cares were one.

The wilderness, their dwelling-place,
Beneath their fostering care
Became a cultivated land,
And learned to bloom and bear.

Their home was blessed, and olive plants
Around their table grew,
Zealous to thank them for that care
In infancy they knew.

Affliction's hand was sorely laid
Upon her slender form ;
She meekly bowed her lowly head
And bore the pelting storm.

But searchless are the ways of Him
Who doth our being guide ;
The sturdy oak was rent in twain,
The strong man bow'd and died.

He died in faith—no murmur came
Of discontent or wo ;
But, as he held his daughter's hand,
He said, " Oh, let me go !"

And she was left—not long was left—
Though filial love was there,
That strove to soothe her every pain,
Her every grief to share.

A kind physician had no balm
To heal the stricken heart ;
No medicine to stay the power
Of Death's unerring dart.

Alas, how vain are earthly hopes—
Our earthly friends how vain !

'Tis Christ alone, in that dark hour,
That can the soul sustain.

Then look to Him, beloved friends,
Rely upon His love ;
And daily, hourly, strive to gain
Inheritance above.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

In easy verse we sometimes make
A little or a great mistake ;
But what of that ? in sober prose
Are more mistakes than you'd suppose ;
For instance, what is more absurd,
Of all the things you ever heard,
Than to assert that love-sick brains
Can reach the muse's loftiest strains ?
That poesy's sweet, graceful art,
Proceedeth from a broken heart !
Immortal Milton, if thy shade,
In higher glory now arrayed,
Could once more visit mortal ken,
Would it not shame such impious men ?
Ye bards of old — but 'tis in vain,
Nor shall the thought your memory stain,
Let them who never felt the glow
Of numbers in their gentle flow —
Who never knew the soothing power
Of verse in solitary hour —

Whose spirits never seem'd to rise
As if a native of the skies—
Who ne'er among the favored few
A poet's inspiration drew—
Ascribe to an unhallow'd fire
The music of the sacred lyre.
But we who've felt, who've breathed all this,
In rapturous dreams of waking bliss,
Will touch the harp, will tune the song,
The all-inspiring art prolong,
Until we reach that blissful shore
Where time itself shall be no more.

ENDURANCE.

'Tis bitter to endure the wrong
Which idle hands and tongues commit ;
The bold encroachment of the strong,
The shafts of calumny and wit ;
The scornful bearings of the proud,
The sneers and laughter of the crowd.

And harder still it is to bear
The censure of the good and wise ;
Who, ignorant of what ye are,
Or blinded by the slanderer's lies,
Look coldly on, or pass you by
In silence, with averted eye.

But when the friends in whom your trust
Was steadfast as the mountain rock,

Fly, and are scattered like the dust,
Before misfortune's whirlwind shock,
Nor love remains to cheer your fall—
This is more terrible than all.

But even this and these—aye, more,
Can be endured, and hope survive ;
The noble spirit still may soar,
Although the body fails to thrive ;
Disease and want may wear the frame—
Thank God ! the soul is still the same.

Hold up your head, then, man of grief,
Nor longer to the tempest bend ;
For soon or late must come relief,
The coldest, darkest night will end ;
Hope in the true heart never dies !
Trust on, the day-star yet shall rise.

Conscious of purity and worth,
You may with calm assurance wait
The tardy recompense of earth ;
And e'en should justice come too late
To soothe the spirit's homeward flight,
Still Heaven, at last, the wrong shall right.

WOMAN'S DESTINY.

Did it ever occur to you, my friend,
That we are not what we seem ?
Our woman's life, 'tis so frail and short,
'Tis the shadow of a dream !

I would not speak for others, 'tis true,
And I would not speak for all ;
For many there are will say and do
What would pain us to recall.

But for *us* whose lives have been restrained
By the clouds about our youth,
By the cares and toils of riper years,
And the blessed bands of truth—

'Twere hard to say what we might have been
Had our spirits been but free,
With no other task than to pluck the fruit
From the once forbidden tree.

And, even now, could I cast aside
The restraints of other years,
The foolish dread of the world's proud laugh,
Which the timid ever fears ;

Did I dare to breathe one half the thoughts
That roam in the fertile brain,
The cold, proud world, itself being judge,
I should not live in vain.

But time and tide they will not wait,
And we must plod along,
And seem to be, what we are not still,
Part of earth's grovelling throng !

MUSINGS ON THE BANKS OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Ye nymphs of father Neptune's race
Who dwell in yonder flowing stream ;
Ye rural guardians of the place,
Awake the song, inspire my theme !

Sheltered by your congenial shades,
I long have sought security ;
And wooed, within your sunny glades,
Mild peace, with heaven-born purity.

Alas for earth, it hath no charms
Unmingled with a base alloy ;
For even here are false alarms,
And care, the cankerer of joy.

Nor these alone—blind fortune still,
Regardless of our weal or wo,
Exalts the man of stubborn will,
And lays the meek-eyed sufferer low.

Here, too, deceit, that bane of bliss,
Holds nothing sacred but its own ;
Betrays its master with a kiss,
And bows to fashion's gilded throne.

It matters not, if high or low,
Where'er our chequered lot is cast ;
What thorns around our pathway grow,
So we but find the truth at last.

THE BEES.

'Twas a bright day in Summer, the bees were all out,
Flying hither and thither, and flitting about,
Intent on their labor, and anxious to win
A bright golden harvest before they turned in.

The weather was tempting, a sturdy old drone
Crawled out in the sunshine to bask all alone ;
Sometime he lay napping, regardless of naught,
Scarce troubling his brains with the labor of thought.

Aroused by a footfall, and swelling with pride,
" Was ever poor bee so tormented ?" he cried ;
" Though anxious to shun every plow-jogger round,
" I'm constantly stunned with the conflict of sound !"

With some animation he stepped to the door,
And called out the drones, which numbered a score ;
Some time he harangued them their senses to wake—
Having gained their attention thus proudly he spake :

" My friends and companions, 'tis with feelings of dread
" I listen each day to the laborer's tread ;
" The saw and the hammer grate harsh on my ear—
" My nerves are unstrung such commotions to hear.

" Let them build us a cell far apart from the rest,
,, With curtains of damask the walls shall be drest ;

“ Well stored with provisions, the sweets of the land,
“ We’ll live at our ease, be *exclusive* and *grand*.

“ What say you, my friends, shall we pass this decree ?”
A shout of applause was soon heard from each bee ;
To put it in practice next gravely they went,
But found that their orator’s lungs were here spent.

With some hesitation their wishes they told—
They dazzled a few with the promise of gold—
The working bees soon found their wits were alive,
United and turned the drones out of the hive !

THE BRAIN’S COMPLAINT.

’Twas nearly midnight, and the bed
Pillowed at last my aching head ;
But, restless still, the anxious mind
For farther labor seemed inclined,
And in a world, a sea of thought,
Its own imaginations wrought ;
Then, all regardless of the care
Its weaker partner seemed to share,
Was going on to con them o’er,
And lay them up in memory’s store,
When softly whispered in my ear
A “ *still small voice*.” I seemed to hear :
“ Unthinking mortal ! dost not know
“ There is a time for all below ?
“ A time for study, and for toil,
“ A time for rest that crowns them all ?

"Would'st gain instruction? Mark the rill
"That flows along so calm and still,
"Diffusing gladness through the plain—
"The torrent seeks the unconscious main!"

I paused to listen—heard no more,
My unseen monitor forbore.

But, in a tone perplexed and faint,
The brain it made this sad complaint :

"Ah! weary me! tasked night and day!

"No time for rest, no time for play;

"The body rests, so do not I,

"It matters not how dark the sky;

"You heed it not when neighbors call,

"But vainly strive to please them all!

"Would I belonged to some dull Turk,

"Or Arab Chief, that hated work,

"I ne'er in tortures should expire,

"While you would snatch Promethean fire."

Can this be true? in haste I cried,

In whirring tumults brain replied,

And then, exhausted, sunk to rest :

Reluctant I the truth confessed,

And drew this moral from the past—

The bow long bent must break at last.

NEGLECTED MERIT.

It is an axiom well approved of all,
That genius often chooses means most small ;
Hence, while the rich in pampered dullness lies,
The poor man wins and carries off the prize.

He wins the prize ; but fortune, envious still,
As if to show her fickleness of will,
Denies the just reward *he* should obtain
Who hath not labored for the world in vain.
Mankind are dazzled by the show of power,
By riches, and the baubles of an hour :
They have no time, or have no taste to scan
The merits of the poor industrious man ;
And he whose genius future ages own,
May struggle on unfriended and alone ;
May spend his days in poverty and toil,
Striving to win from an ungrateful soil
His daily bread—till, overcome with grief,
Death kindly ministers to his relief.
'Twas thus Columbus, lord of this New World,
From fame's high pinnacle at once was hurled—
Stripped of the honors he so justly won
To gratify a false and envious Don.
'Twas thus Corregio painted one poor sign,
That he might claim the privilege to dine ;
Then by the wayside laid him down to die,
Without one friend to close the weary eye.
There's many such, of whom the world knows naught,
Heeds not their lives of labor and of thought ;
Heeds not the benefits they might bestow
Had they but friends to save their lives from wo.

MY COUNTRY.

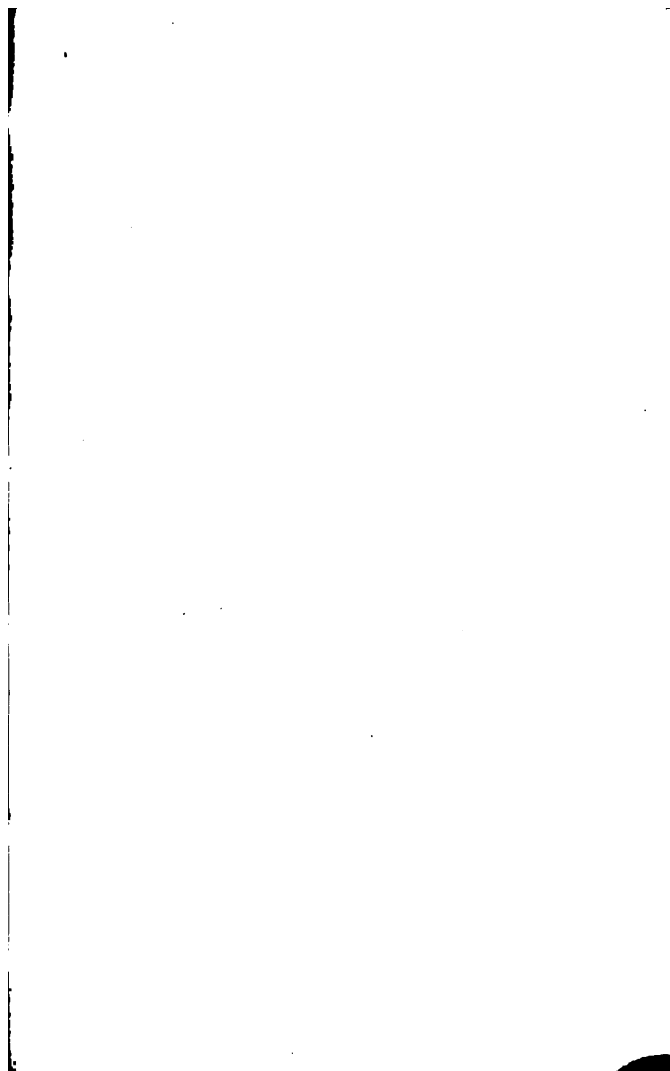
The glories of Britain have often been sung,
And the praises of France are the theme of each tongue;
Shall Columbia's daughters applaud and admire,
And for their own country ne'er waken the lyre?
Ne'er tell of her virtue, her honor, renown,
And the bright deeds of glory her heroes that crown?
Oh! would but the gifted, whom Nature hath blessed,
Whom Science hath cherished, and Fortune caressed,
Whose talents to far distant lands are made known,
Those talents employ to embellish their own!
Not long then should Albion unrivalled remain
Proud mistress of Science, of Art and of Fame;
Or France, though in pleasure or pride she excells,
Compare with the truth of our own native dells!
Fair Italy, skilled in the arts and in song,
Might deem it her pride to excel us ere long,
Though brave were the heroes of Scotland's proud boast,
Yet ours have encountered the same valiant host;
And had we her poets—my country forbear—
Nor foreign my heart, nor rebellious the prayer—
But zeal for your cause—that the land of my birth
Be first 'mong the lands of the wide-peopled earth!
Nor hopeless the task, if her children arise,
And their slumbering genius awake for the prize!
Though now in her youth—young in fortune and fame,
What altar more sacred can Liberty claim?

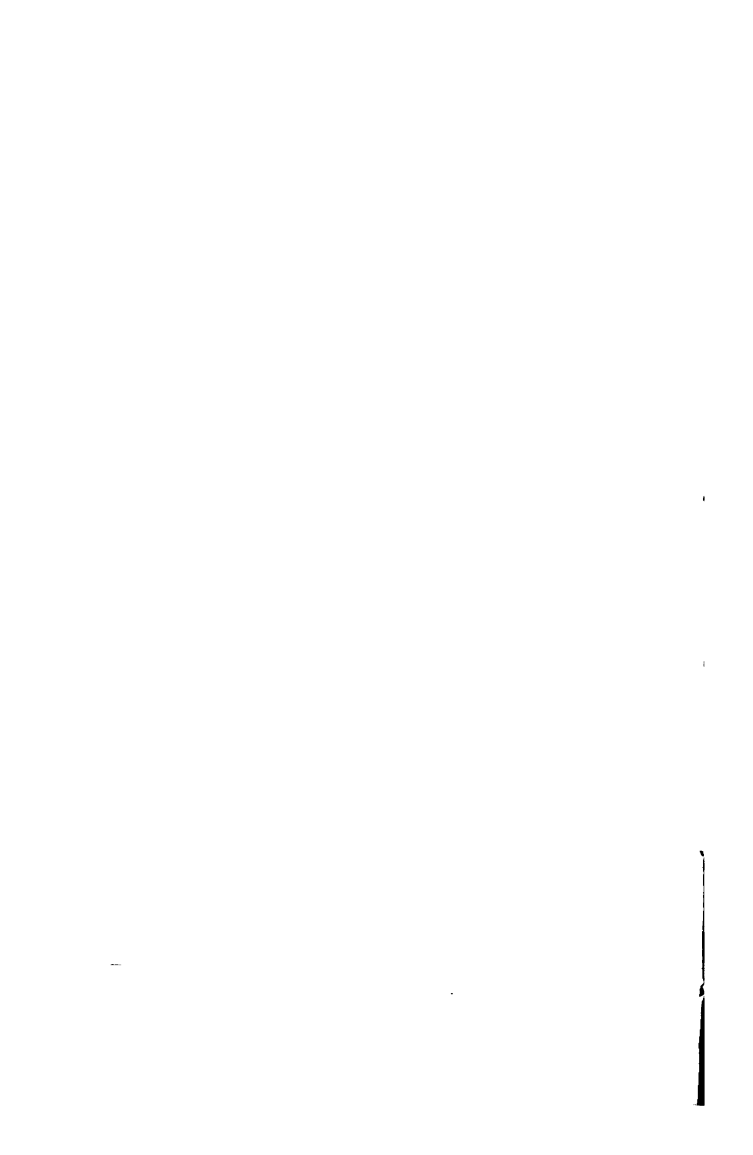
Her seas are as bright, skies and landscapes as fair,
And who with her patriot sons can compare!

Spirit of Freedom! whose seat is the clouds,
Whose glory my own native country enshrouds,
Thine, thine was the star that conducted their feet
Through danger and death thy bright image to greet!
Thou led'st them through trouble, through toil and through
strife,

To seek thee was dearer, far dearer than life!
Oh, shed upon me but one life-giving ray
From the beacon that shone on that glorious day:
Enlighten my mind with the light of thy truth,
And guide with discretion the steps of my youth:
So fearless of censure and deaf to applause,
I'll seek but the triumph of Liberty's cause—
Of Liberty, Liberty! rather the cause
Of Him who to nations gives justice and laws;
For what but a Power, Almighty, Divine,
Could cause such a light on our pathway to shine—
He who to people, to kingdoms gives birth,
And humbles the proud with the dust of the earth.
He saw us afflicted, oppressed and dismayed,
And hope had forsaken while justice delayed;
Then, bright as the star that led Israel's host,
The beacon of Liberty shone on our coast;
It shone—but the beams of its brightness arose
'Mid the clashing of arms—'mid the contest of foes.
I could not, I would not repeat the sad tale,
The sighs of a nation were borne on the gale,
Her patriots mourned, her warriors they bled,
With the tear of the widow her orphans were fed;

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pt.









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